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Pinchot

PEARL BUCK

Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, 1938

"A book which made us feel of the Chinese peasant that all men are brothers, shines with a light in 1938 that reveals its good qualities as never before. Had it been published this year it would have seemed sensational". . . *(See page 8)*

Reviews of the New Books for Children

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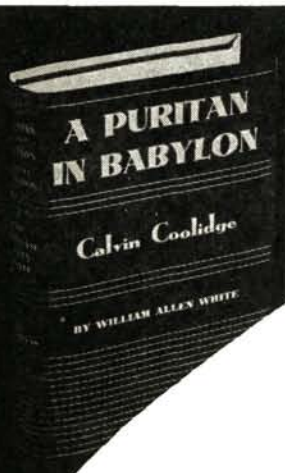

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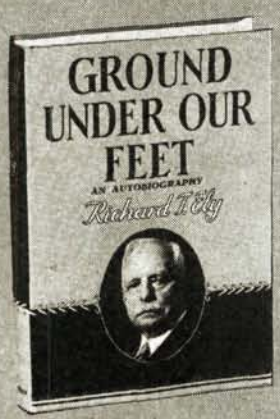

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Sullivan I and Roosevelt I

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IN "Our Times," Mark Sullivan made a success of a six-volume history of America since the Civil War. But Mr. Sullivan has remained one of the most anonymous of our national literary figures, although he counts his daily readers by the millions through the *New York Herald Tribune* and its syndicate. They know what Mark Sullivan thinks, and in many instances they can make a fair guess about what Mark Sullivan will think about any given set of facts. But they do not know what Mark Sullivan used to think, or why. To these millions he is a gray-haired, ruddy-faced man with a stalwart figure, and on the radio they know a kindly, convincing voice. But the story of how this Mark Sullivan came to be the particular Mark Sullivan that he is, he has told in this autobiography,* which in its way is as interesting and as authentic as the books he has written about the evolutionary processes through which his country has passed during his lifetime.

Theodore Roosevelt with members of the *Collier's* staff, 1911; immediately to his right are Robert Collier and Mark Sullivan

Apparently Mr. Sullivan is going to treat his life in parts, just as he has divided his country's story into eras, decades, and generations. For this autobiography closes with the Wilson administration, a good place to close. The Mark Sullivan who lived until his middle forties a convinced, militant liberal, began another phase of his intellectual development and his political activity after the second decade of our century had ended. The second Mark Sullivan, the friend and intimate of two Presidents in the third decade, the spokesman for intelligent constructive conservatism, is merely the spiritual elder brother of the younger man.

The present Mark Sullivan, who grew out of his childhood to write this biography, was born an Irish Catholic. He went to the public schools, to a state normal school in Pennsylvania, and to Harvard, from whence he emerged a young reformer with a Hawkshaw predilection for digging into the commercial corruption of his time. It is the story of this Mark I, the militant liberal, with which this book is concerned. The story closes properly with his spiritual and political dissolution under the forces of disillusion which followed the great war. Many liberals died this first spiritual death when Woodrow Wilson, for a number of reasons, failed them. Those years from 1917 to 1921 might be called the days of the slaughter of the innocents.

Mark Sullivan I saw his days of triumph in the years of the first Roosevelt. Young Mr. Sullivan was a soldier at Armageddon under the banner of the great Theodore. And Mark II looks back with a sort of wistful gaiety upon that bright day of joust and tourney when the first laundered, haberdashed, and respectable wave of liberalism reached Washington and swept into the White House. Looking back, he tells a glamorous story. Moreover, he tells that story of the battle of Armageddon as well as it has been told so far in American biography. Indeed, he has told it better than many have told it who wrote their stories amid the turmoil of those days with its prejudices, its hates, its zeals all unabated. Mark Sullivan's particular job as the armor-bearer of Roosevelt I was as the political editor of *Collier's Weekly* from the middle of the first decade until the middle of the second decade of our century. *Collier's Weekly* was the fighting organ of that particular band of liberals who first were known as the insurgents—those who fought and achieved the overthrow of Cannon—and later called themselves progressives. Those who followed LaFollette first used the word "progressives," and Theodore Roosevelt later captured it and made it his own.

It is too bad that the philosophical, detached, sixtyish mind of Mark II should be the only survivor of *Collier's Weekly* of the first Rooseveltian day, to tell the tale of a chivalrous period. In that first decade and a half of the new century, the United States began to consider social and economic problems other than the production of wealth. The Greenbackers, the Grangers, the Populists, and Bryan in his free silver campaign of the middle nineties had led minority groups steadily growing in power, but always regarded by the respectable majority as off-color, shady, mildly mad, and generally bewhiskered. But in 1901, young Theodore, out of old Dutch New York and Harvard, accustomed to a plug hat and diplomatic striped trousers, came to the White House.

Probably the first Roosevelt's insistence upon consideration of new problems, those concerning the distribution of wealth and income, was accepted by his country because by 1901 all the American states were blocked out, all our cities were established, our railroad system was

*THE EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN. By Mark Sullivan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Next Week

BURRO ALLEY
By EDWIN CORLE
Reviewed by Oliver LaFarge

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK
By MAX LERNER
Reviewed by Robert C. Brooks

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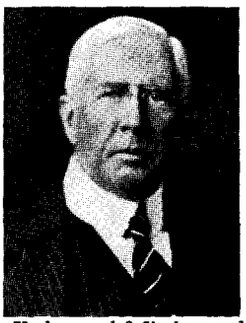
practically completed, and our major commodity industries were organized. Production of states and cities with interstate communication and transportation as well as transcontinental industrial amalgamation was basically a fact accomplished. Economic distribution and a new political balance inevitably attracted serious attention in American politics. Colonel Roosevelt commanded the new movement, only apparently. In truth the pressure of the hour upon America to use government as an agency for human welfare commanded the Colonel. At the cosmic G.H.Q., the Colonel and his Irish armor-bearer, Mark Sullivan I, were taking orders from the general need for economic and political reorganization. The social and industrial basis for what in those days was called social and industrial justice appears with more illumination in the Sullivan symphonic histories than in this more lyric autobiography. In the first volumes of "Our Times," the reader will find set forth the reasons for the clash and clamor, which sound like distant Wagnerian music in the autobiographical scene.



Underwood & Underwood
Mark Sullivan II: a recent photograph

But times changing made issues change, and so new leaders came, and by the middle of the first decade of the twentieth century, old leaders, old causes, old times were gone.

Immediately Colonel Roosevelt became the first major statesman definitely to demand the consideration of the new distributive problems. What a turmoil he stirred up! He hurled the railroad question at the country. The direct primary, which LaFollette sponsored, swept across the land in his day. Twenty-two states adopted the initiative and referendum, and a few dashed forward to an indefensible salient and established the recall. Pure food laws were debated and passed. Gifford Pinchot talked Roosevelt into making the conservation of natural resources a major administrative policy. Then came the cattle barons on the public lands and the lumber kings in the forest, raging out of their preserves, crying bloody murder, and they were attacked by the Rooseveltians yelling with equal vociferation, "Stop thieves!" "The Roosevelt policies" thirty years ago was a phrase as common and as controversial as "the New Deal" is now.

The adherents of Roosevelt and LaFollette in that first decade and a half of the century formed a minority party inside of the Republican Party. They aimed at the Senate. They held there a balance of power. They were strong in the House, strong enough with Democratic support to overturn Cannon and to modify his oligarchic rule. But it meant fighting hand to hand, thumb to eye, fist to jaw, knee to knee; good fighting in the Republican Party. The Democrats for the most part held aloof. It was not their show. A few liberal Democrats appeared on the horizon, stepchildren of Bryan who were slightly ashamed of him, but the rumpus reached across the United States Senate in the Republican Party. It was a Republican revolt. The soldiers of that revolution were insurgent Republicans and progressive Republicans. Half a dozen magazines backed them up. *Collier's* was the only national weekly with wide circulation that gave these Republican rebels aid and comfort. But *McClure's, The American, Everybody's, Munsey's,* and of course *LaFollette's Weekly* cried havoc to the conservative Republicans, whom Speaker Joe Cannon, one of their leaders, called "the Standpatters." A few daily newspapers across the land supported Theodore Roosevelt. Surprising as it may be, the *Chicago Tribune* was a rabblerouser. *The New York Globe* championed the cause of reform, and so did Stoddard's *Evening Mail.* The *Kansas City Star* was one of the leaders of the liberal revolution in the western Mississippi Valley. The Scripps papers leaned a bit more to LaFollette than to Roosevelt, but they were with the rebels.

Easily, because it was a weekly rather than a monthly, *Collier's Weekly* carried the shining banner of reform, and Mark Sullivan, who became political editor of the *Weekly* in the latter part of the first decade, was a national figure, a fighting reformer. He it was who called attention to the case of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger. It was *Collier's Weekly* that sponsored Justice Brandeis, who became the Attorney for Glavis in the hearings of the Joint Committee of the House and Senate which investigated Ballinger's handling of the public lands. The Ballinger episode made a greater impression upon majorities in the House and Senate than did the Teapot Dome scandal later. Mark Sullivan, Mark I, was in the forefront of that battle. His ruddy face and blond hair were plumes of Navarre in the national combat which culminated in the resignation of Ballinger. The bolt of the Roosevelt forces from the Republican National Convention in 1912 was rooted in that Ballinger-Pinchot contest. Mark Sullivan was the newspaper voice of the first New Deal. *Collier's Weekly* was a knight in armor. And inside of the armor were three men, Robert Collier, owner of the magazine, Norman Hapgood, editor, and Mark Sullivan, political writer.

In his autobiography, which tells beautifully and with affectionate understanding about the quarrel that broke up the triumvirate in armor, Mr. Sullivan has told the story of the *Collier's* crusade with clarity and with an affectionate charity to all and malice toward none. The book is worth reading for those few chapters dealing with the association of those young revoltees. The basis of a great play is there, or the plot of a novel. Its scenario is put down with grace and dignity by Mr. Sullivan in these chapters. Certainly they are not too objective. If they are written in the perspective of a quarter of a century, they are not written without emotion. Tenderness shines on every page. No autobiography of recent years contains so important a story so admirably told with such repressed drama, with such modest candor.

After Mr. Sullivan's story of the disintegration of the Bull Moose party, he tells the equally absorbing story about the politics of the World War and our entrance into it. Few Americans know how to write about politics as vividly, as authoritatively, and as convincingly as Mark Sullivan. This part of his book will be read with profit and interest by anyone who shall write the story of the inside politics of Washington from 1915 to 1920. The rise and decline of the fame and power of Woodrow Wilson are clearly chronicled in the Sullivan narrative, and with the rejection of the League of Nations by the United States Senate and the return of the Republican Party to power, Mr. Sullivan's book closes with a forward look which he declares is, as Kipling says, "another story."

That other story, of course, will be the second volume of the Sullivan saga, the story of the administrations of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Mr. Sullivan was close to the White House in those days. His intimacy increased as the third decade grew older. President Harding was too busy in his short term with his gaudy, greedy friends to take the counsel which Mr. Sullivan might have offered. President Coolidge was a little too aloof to appreciate the warmth, generosity, and wisdom of a man like Sullivan, even though President Coolidge respected him. But in the days of Hoover, Sullivan was the White House oracle. What a story he has to tell of those booming days!

This first volume of his autobiography proves that he can write a personal story and relate it with the history of his times as well as he has written the six volumes of our modern American history. It is a competent, forthright, interesting, and dramatic account of a unique and significant period in our country's history, all of which he saw and part of which he was.

William Allen White is editor of The Emporia Gazette. *His new life of Calvin Coolidge is reviewed on page 7.*

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The Great Question

WAR IN HEAVEN. By Philip Barry. New York: Coward-McCann. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

TO begin with, Mr. Barry's novel is an extraordinarily brilliant piece of work technically. It is obviously a playwright's novel; just as it stands, it could be transferred to the boards, and one hopes it will be, for it would be highly effective on the stage. In the meantime, the more intimately one loves the theater, the greater pleasure one will find in reading this novel, noting the entrances and exits of the characters, the stage pictures into which it falls, the "curtains" it provides. But its real brilliance lies in its theme, which is nothing less than the problem of Good and Evil, examined in the lives of a group of second-rate vaudeville performers. It is in some ways a return to (but in more ways an advance upon) "Hotel Universe," one of the less successful and yet most memorable of Mr. Barry's plays. In that, you remember, a group of wealthy sophisticates, all unhappy, were assembled in a Mediterranean villa where, it was said, there were strange illusions of the past; and there the old doctor who owned the villa, taking advantage of this, forced each one to go back to the point in his life where he had missed the way, and to begin his life again from there; a sort of dramatization of psychoanalysis, but with overtones of the supernatural.

That was in a villa called Hotel Universe: this is in a theater called the Globe,—in the theater itself, and in a "Café des Artistes" which communicates with it. In the beginning, an Irish stagehand named Clancy comes wandering out upon the stage, looking for someone. Clancy has suffered more undeserved misfortunes than any man ought to bear, and like Job, he wishes to find the Lord and reason together with Him, and learn why this was. He interrupts the performance, of course; but from one of the boxes rises Professor Pabst, the "Illusionist," who turns Clancy's blundering entrance into a build-up for his own act. After the performance, Pabst follows the performers into the Café des Artistes, and there puts on a little show for them. All of them, one way or another, are unhappy, most of them with better reasons for unhappiness than the guests at the Hotel Universe; among these vaudevillians there are freaks, to be laid directly at the door of God if anything can be; and there are other unhappinesses. Professor Pabst forces them one by one to admit the shames and the sorrows that they had hoped to keep secret; it becomes more and more clear that the case against God has been taken out of Clancy's hands; this becomes a duel between God and Satan, reaching its climax in an extraordinary Recognition-scene (one must use the technical terms of the drama in writing of this).

Philip Barry

This is its climax, but not its conclusion. The solution, like all attempts to solve the ultimate riddles of the universe, must necessarily seem somewhat disappointing. It is found by Clancy, who with his training naturally states it in its specifically Catholic form, that reason gives us grounds to make an act of faith in God, and that if we make that act, we shall receive supernaturally grace to take us where reason will not go—as Clancy finds. That will not satisfy every one; and yet it is essentially the answer of the Book of Job and of the Oresteia of Aeschylus; it is the only answer that has ever been found. And even here, in his presentment of Evil as summed up in Professor Pabst, one feels that perhaps Mr. Barry means more than he says. That is almost the original definition of "irony"; and that is the vein of this play, in which Evil wears the mask of Good. It may be that Mr. Barry goes still farther in his irony. For after all, what is done by the leering Pabst is one-half of what was done by the wise old doctor in "Hotel Universe." He forces the characters to recognize where it is that they have gone wrong. "They shall know the truth," as some one has said, "and the truth shall make them mad." But the solution of Clancy and of Orestes is open to them; and that they have faced themselves as they are with no illusions is the work of Professor Pabst, the Illusionist. An old Hebrew scholar of my acquaintance says that it is a mistake to read our "Satan" into the Old Testament; that Job should begin, "It came to pass that the sons of God were gathered before the Lord, and there came the Tempter, the Tester, also with them."

Robert Graves

Man on a Pedestal

COUNT BELISARIUS. By Robert Graves. New York: Random House. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IF this book had appeared ten years ago, it would have opened a new field and genre of historical writing; if it had appeared five years ago it would have opened a new genre of Robert Graves's writing. But within the longer limit G. P. Baker's "Justinian" and René Krauss's "Theodora" have flowed over the presses, and within the shorter, Mr. Graves's two Claudius novels. "Count Belisarius," the story of the sixth-century general who campaigned for Justinian, has a solid core of good workmanship and tells a good story; but it suffers by comparison in both directions, for it is neither as faithful to facts as the former pair nor as entertaining as the latter.

This is not to say that a historical novel should be subject to the rules of literal history. But in affixing actual names to his characters the writer assumes certain obligations toward fact, and in inventing the special technique of humanizing ancient worthies by extending the known information about them, Mr. Graves has intensified these obligations. One of them would seem to be that of not altering material facts of wide implication. The Claudius books made no such alterations; but Mr. Graves has here found it necessary to take greater liberties with his material, particularly in overthrowing the verdict of history that Belisarius died full of years, honor, and peace in favor of a more tragically dramatic version borrowed from a bad French poet. Mr. Graves has abandoned the difficult course of arguing to character from facts for the dangerous business of deducing events from character. It is like ending a novel about Napoleon with the successful conquest of England.

Count Belisarius himself suffers from being a paragon, more of a man but less

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of a literary character than Claudius, as monumentally uninteresting as Parson Weems's Washington. The novel suffers from covering a period of fifty years, with some attention to almost every year of the period, which makes the narrative synoptic in some spots and throws it out of proportion in others.

Yet with all deductions made, Mr. Graves possesses a skill unequalled in English today for inventing illustrative anecdotes and weaving a thousand of them together in a broad narrative which never conceals the central thread from sight. He has lost none of his ability to grasp the psychological quirks and personal details of remote periods and to render them in modern terms. If his central figure is a man on a pedestal, the street below is crowded with minor individuals who run to and fro in a satisfactory flesh-and-blood manner.

Above all he draws women in a manner to be worthy of whatever laudatory phrases one cares to use. There was one such in the Claudius books—old Livia; here there are two, Theodora and Antonina, the prostitute dancing-girls, one of whom became a great Empress, the other the wife of a great soldier. Whenever they are on the stage the book lifts, its pace increases, it moves with life.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of "Hail, Caesar!"

The National Defense

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH. A Study of the Problems of American National Defense. By George F. Eliot. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by
LIEUT.-COL. DONALD ARMSTRONG

MAJOR ELIOT dedicates his book "To the citizens of the United States, upon whose wisdom and courage must, as always, rest the ultimate responsibility for the defense of our country." In the past these citizens have always hoped earnestly for peace, particularly through disarmament. They have had a tendency to disregard the teachings of history and to overlook the evidence of man's acquisitive and bloodthirsty instincts attested when the first two men were born on earth and one shortly thereafter slew the other. Recent events, however, have changed this attitude. Now that last year's map is worthless except for inclusion in an historical atlas, there is greater readiness to face the facts of international life and to accept the melancholy truth that national feebleness is an invitation to aggression and is no assurance of peace on earth.

The present is, therefore, a most opportune time to examine the naval and military defense of this country. Major Eliot's analysis of these problems is based on sound principles, and the solutions offered for a balanced program are logical and valid. What is the most effective way to use our national resources? The demands of the advocates of an overwhelming navy, of a superlative air force, of armies of millions of men, must be weighed with care so that we shall not waste our means in the creation of instruments of defense that are unsuited to our needs. This vitally important book considers these conflicting claims dispassionately and impartially. The fundamental fact is "that today the United States is the only one of the great powers of the world which is in a position to pursue the old British policy, that is, a naval policy, in matters of national defense."

No country in the world is more favorably situated to defend itself than is the United States. Here no immediate menace in the air exists nor is it probable that large armies will march across a land frontier. Nevertheless, our foreign policy and our lack of economic self-sufficiency demand the possession of instruments of force. These should be strong enough to deter any nation from waging war against us. The strategic policy to be adopted is defensive in principle but offensive in execution. This does not mean a large army nor should it ever require the transportation of large forces overseas for war in Europe or Asia.

> Seapower in sufficient strength, with an adequate air arm, and reinforced by a small, highly trained, completely equipped regular army sufficient to provide expeditionary forces for operations of limited extent and objective . . . will be quite adequate to our purposes.

Specific and detailed recommendations are worked out for the navy, air corps, and land forces based on these principles of national defense. The importance of the Panama Canal and the necessity for supplementing it by the construction of a Nicaragua Canal, the need for additional bases to secure the Caribbean Sea, are emphasized as steps essential to enable our fleet to dominate the routes of sea communication. War will not happen provided our fleet is ready to undertake offensive operations if we are compelled to do so.

The book is written entertainingly in spite of its serious subject matter. In some of its premises and interpretations the author is on debatable ground. But it is a well documented study, the recommendations of which, if adopted, might make war against this country an impossible, and certainly a risky, undertaking.

Lt.-Col. Armstrong is in the Department of the Chief of Ordnance at Washington.

"I Wish I'd Said That"

DITHERS AND JITTERS. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

EVEN laymen must read these slight, tickling pieces of Miss Skinner's with mixed emotions, pausing every now and then to stare at themselves in angry contempt. "Now just that thing happened to me only the other day," they will gloomily assure themselves, "and why didn't I write it?" Thus they taste, in tiny doses, the chagrin which perceptibly embitters any professional who discovers that a rival has not only taken words out of his mouth, but improved them a lot in the process. Miss Skinner's pieces are swell. G-r-r-r!

Cornelia Otis Skinner

Take, for example, the delightful little item called "Long after Audubon," which is about identifying birds. Miss Skinner has a lot of trouble identifying birds and when she gets books about them the books don't help her much. Flycatchers, she dispiritedly discovers, are seldom catching flies, and the book has, modestly, nothing whatever to say about the bird which goes around crying "bitch-it-up, bitch-it-up, bitch-it-up."

That, now, is the sort of thing I mean; there is a fine theme which was, if anybody wants to know, almost on the tip of my tongue, and it has gone to Miss Skinner. Furthermore, she has done it so well that it is removed from circulation for five years, anyway—made it so light and quick and funny that it will be difficult hereafter to listen to a bird without imagining that it is singing "bitch-it-up, bitch-it-up." And she has done as much for half a dozen other themes—business parties, for example, and safe deposit box opening, and yoga, and flower arranging. Miss Skinner is good on the stage, too. Is there no satisfying that woman?

The pieces have appeared previously in various magazines and, as always in collections, there is a certain unevenness—which merely means that any given reader is apt to like some better than others. They are all very nice, really. G-r-r-r!

Richard Lockridge is dramatic critic of the New York Sun, and author of "Mr. and Mrs. North."

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Coolidge without the Legend

A PURITAN IN BABYLON. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

THIS is Calvin Coolidge precisely as he lived and died. It reveals him for what he actually was far better than anything ever written about Coolidge by anybody, including Coolidge himself. The best reporter in the country examines the most baffling figure in American history, explains him, and makes him understandable, and in doing so presents on a wide canvas with the nation and the world as a background, a portrait of a bewildering, slit-mouthed Puritan who arrests the interest of the casual or purposeful reader from the moment when Coolidge is born into a world of water-wheels and grist mills until the Puritan God of things that were rain their icy tears upon his hillside bed.

William Allen White brings Coolidge alive and at the same time performs an autopsy. It is the story of Coolidge, but it also dramatizes the end of an American epoch, the final curtain falling upon a yesterday when "the rich, the wise, and the good" were comfortable and secure. It reduces complex and puzzling national and international problems to simple, understandable language, and across its pages stalk the men behind Coolidge, denuded of pomp and splendor. Chief Justice William Howard Taft becomes a superb old gossip and Coolidge an insatiable gossip consumer.

The reader chuckles and sometimes pauses to laugh outright, realizing at the same time that these are not caricatures. It is truth. White, I suppose, is the only man in the country who could have done this job. He knew them then, and he knows them now. He knows them intimately—politicians—the second oldest profession in the world.

This spindling lad from the Vermont mountainside had to live out his strange destiny. A boy with a mother complex—a man with a mother complex. Her picture was always before him. There is no longer a Coolidge myth. This book dispels it. I felt sorry for Coolidge. Sometimes he irritated me. Often he made me laugh. Considering the problems that came before him here, I now find that I didn't blame him, where formerly I did. I came away with a great respect for Grace Coolidge, wife to this problem husband. And I'm afraid that White has changed my personal opinion and estimate of Henry Cabot Lodge, the elder.

For the first time here I found an accurate, honest account of what really happened during the Boston police strike and the part that Coolidge actually played in it. Coolidge felt sorry for the police, but he deliberately allowed that famous strike to develop. He could have saved the day for the police, but he saved it for himself.

For the first time, too, I found here what seems to be the truth behind the Black Hills episode and the reason for Coolidge's cryptic statement: "I do not choose to run."

If Grace Coolidge had not gone for a walk in the woods with Secret Service man James Haley; if Calvin had not become unreasonably irritated about it; if the Boston papers had not played up the incident; if Haley had never been discharged; that statement might never have been written.

Did Coolidge foresee the stock market crash? Did the death of his son contribute to his decision? White observes: "Calvin Coolidge looked neither to right nor left as the Presidential car sped down the hill, but the habitual, hard monosyllable

Bachrach

"There is no longer a Coolidge myth. This book dispels it" . . .

he barked as he left the chauffeur may have carried in it the hot turmoil of self-impeachment, the stale weariness and disillusion of his high place, and the haunting, illogical fear of evil days ahead for his country." As White presents it, the reader can understand why Coolidge did not choose to run—and he can understand later why Coolidge should lie face down upon his bed, frustrated, when a Republican convention chose Hoover.

The stuffed-shirt brigade in Boston and throughout New England will shudder and damn White as a Westerner who ought to stay on his own reservation. Some of Washington society will agree with them for a different reason. White hasn't pulled his punches, and his truths stand out like cauliflower ears. This work will be quoted and requoted. It will bob up in political campaigns here and there. It will be required reading in colleges, universities, and educational political science departments. Some politicians will eat it with relish and others as though it were castor oil.

This is the first time, as a reviewer, that I have had to park my hammer and axe. I can find nothing about the book to knock. It gets me. I like it. I go overboard reluctantly. I'm glad that I read it. I enjoyed it better than any biography that I've read, published during the past quarter century, and I predict a heavy sale for it.

Joseph F. Dinneen, on the editorial staff of the Boston Globe, *has written numerous articles on Massachusetts politics, and is the author of a novel, "Ward Eight."*

An Original Story

ANDREW TO THE LIONS. By H. W. Freeman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE publishers call this an ironic novel, but I should prefer to call it engaging, warmly human, amusing, strangely moving towards the last, and notably original. There is not much originality, really, in current fiction; certain common patterns are elaborated with more or less success by writers of widely varying powers, and usually the reader has only to look at the beginning of one of these patterns to foresee the whole design. But Mr. Freeman has entertained himself, and will delight others, by constructing a pattern that is his own and unique, and he has breathed into it a life that lifts it above mere artifice.

He writes again of the Suffolk that his books have made articulate and palpable: of garden and orchard and meadow; of good, slow talk at the local pub, and a dart match between Overham and Little Gazing; of a way of life that is timed by the sun and close to the soil. He writes of these things perfectly, and with abiding affection. But in telling the story of Andrew Hascot he has to travel far from Suffolk, and his pen serves him as well abroad as at home.

There were three important stages and phases in Andrew's life, as recorded by the novelist: first in Florence, domestic and illicit bliss with Elvira, and a fatherly feeling towards Marisa; then Suffolk, hard work all day, and a glass or two at The Rose in the evening under the melting eye of Eva Bastley; last, Pamplona during the San Fermin *fiesta*, with Marisa again, and the flight with her from Pamplona to Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, where Andrew ceased to feel fatherly. So much for the tale, and no more. If this review puzzles its readers by its refusal to summarize Mr. Freeman's story, but piques them to solve the puzzle for themselves, so much the better. Charm is more easily experienced than described. "Andrew to the Lions" has it. So had Marisa.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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The Good Earth

Pearl Buck and the Nobel Prize

THE awards of the Nobel Prize in literature have often been surprising, and, paradoxically, for that reason have inspired confidence. The Swedish Academy is no rubber-stamp institution. Pressure groups of one kind or another, which have been organized annually to push the claims of a favorite candidate—usually an English or American writer—have been notoriously unsuccessful. The Academy makes up its own mind, and it is credibly reported that when its committee suggests a possible choice or group of choices, each member must read all of the works of the author or authors in question before voting.

Their standards are high, but evidently they are also flexible; otherwise it would be difficult to account for the recent award—the third for an American—to Pearl Buck. For Mrs. Buck is clearly not the destined subject of a chapter in literary history, and would be the last to say so herself. She has no series of novels to her credit, like Sinclair Lewis, each one fitting into a pattern of achievement which has become a part of durable American literature. She is not the author, like Eugene O'Neill, of works of the imagination which have set up new points of view of universal human nature and new techniques of expression. Indeed it is questionable whether she is preëminently a novelist at all, in spite of the easy flow and readability of all her fiction. Her art of fiction is inferior to that of several other American writers—Miss Cather and Miss Glasgow among them—sometimes markedly inferior.

Where she excels is in biography, and particularly autobiography. But even in this field, which, it must be remembered, depends for its success upon a creative imagination, her two best biographies, "The Exile" and "Fighting Angel," sympathetic and penetrating studies of her remarkable and not always sympathetic parents, would surely never have reached up into the high air where the lightnings of the Nobel Prize strike. As for fiction, let the questioner read her last novel, "This Proud Heart," a biographical—in a symbolic sense, an autobiographical—novel, and decide for himself. It is a good story, well written, significant, but not the stuff of which greatness is made.

Evidently the commissioners of the Nobel Prize had their own idea in this award, and it is not hard to guess what it must have been. They are not crowning a lifetime of achievement; they are, they must be, crowning one book, a masterpiece which richly deserves exalted recognition—"The Good Earth."

For "The Good Earth," the first volume bearing that name, not the trilogy, is a unique book, and in all probability belongs among the permanent contributions to world literature of our times. It was the effective contradiction of Kipling's dogmatic assertion that the West and East would never meet; it was the first interpretation in English of the Chinese variety of human nature to reach and stay in the Western imagination; it was the living commentary we had all been waiting for upon the pattern of life, and particularly upon the pattern of emotion, of a great nation which, thanks to steam, electricity, and gasoline, had suddenly come to be next door to our own.

"The Good Earth" was built up by the imagination out of the memories of a child who had lived and thought in the Chinese pattern without losing the detachment of her Western perspective. It was a document in human nature, in which questions of style—so long as the style was adequate, and of depth—so long as the surfaces were true and significant—were not important. It did not have to be as well written as it was, in order to be distinguished. This Nobel Prize, one feels and probably with justice, is the recognition of a masterpiece, which had, of course, already proved its power to stir the imagination by going round the world in print and on the screen.

How much the present situation in China influenced the judges cannot be known, but undoubtedly they were influenced. Chinese culture, already torn apart by an internal revolution of the new against the old, is being trampled in the mud by the egoism of a nation that has developed the will to power at the expense of the good life. A slowly transforming China promised—and still promises—much to the West. The hybrid culture of a Japan in which efficiency borrowed from us, a resurgent barbarism, and a distinguished morale, are dangerously blended, promises nothing but to teach us the error of our own not too enlightened ways. Thus a book which made us feel of the Chinese peasant that all men are brothers, shines with a light in 1938 that reveals its good qualities as never before. Had it been published this year it would have seemed sensational. It deserves the sensation of a Nobel Prize.

We do not wish to be unjust to Mrs. Buck. Her total achievement is remarkable even though it contains only one masterpiece. Her impressive translation of the Chinese novel "All Men Are Brothers" was a gift to Western readers, who find so little Chinese literature, even when in English, that they can read. "Sons," the first sequel to "The Good Earth," was only less good than the first book. Her biographies of her parents are unquestionably the best studies ever done of the unique personal traits developed by the missionary fervor of the nineteenth century, which, some day, will be recognized as a very important part of the social history of Western civilization in that departed epoch. She has written a few admirable short stories, and the list of thirty-seven in her 1936 bibliography will stand comparison with the product of any American writer not of the very first class. Her influence on our thinking about China, the problems of the East and West, and the missionary question, must be great, for this same bibliography includes sixty articles published between 1923 and 1936, nearly all of which deal with these themes.

There is no reason to suppose any particular sympathy with the United States in this decade to account for three Nobel awards in literature in the eight years since 1930. We have not been popular in Europe, and in spite of the depression, we have not needed sympathy. Interest is the word, if a word is needed, not sympathy, to explain the rapidly increasing number of Nobel Prizes, in science as well as in literature, that are coming our way. Twenty-five years ago, the works of Jack London were all that were to be found on a newsstand or even in a book store in continental Europe. There was little interest in our art, our science, our writing, and far less interest in our politics than in the previous century. Europeans, and the Nobel judges with them, have begun only recently to study extensively what Americans write. Only recently have they begun to estimate contemporary American literature as worthy of comparison with contemporary European books, in which they have been a little ahead of perhaps, and certainly not behind, the pundits of American universities. In a way, the award to Pearl Buck, whose best work is not in the field of so-called pure literature, where art is the chief criterion, is more indicative of a growing interest in what is being done here, than the prizes which went to O'Neill and Lewis, who had to become a part of the international currents of literary influence before they were selected as American representatives for belles lettres.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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Letters to the Editor: *"Rewards and Fairy Stories"; "Democracy in the Making"*

How Is It Done?

SIR:—Leaving my typewriter in a jaded condition (yes, we were both jaded) after a day spent in revising my own future best seller and tired to death (hyperbole) with being school-ma'amed by marginal scrawls—"Too technical—Too sentimental—Unfamiliar detail" and the like, I dropped into an easy chair to relax, and there on a taboret close at hand (unnecessary detail) was the *S.R.L.* face up, featuring (cliché) Arthur Train's article: "Rewards and Fairy Stories."

There was something so comfortably human about his picture that I wanted to know what he had to say—perhaps to learn what he was laughing at. Of course I found the article very entertaining as I went along—I found it exciting before I finished.

Again and again I turned to the "Show Boat" earnings. I imagined I saw Mr. Train on a platform facing an audience of neglected authors. A voice demands, "What has Edna Ferber got that I haven't?" Mr. Train repeats the question. "Can someone in the audience answer the gentleman from Bucyrus?" A dozen hands go up. "You there with the ear muffs! $345,000! The gentleman suggests $345,000; does that answer your question? Are there any other questions?" (The reference to large sums of money is repetitive and introduces material with which the average reader is not familiar.)

But how I wish I dared ask him how it's done.

L. B. FREEMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

"Ma wants it for me kid brother. It's about a bull that was a pansy."

Mr. Fraser Protests

SIR:—Surely, Mr. Allan Nevins, in his review of my book, "Democracy in the Making," did not intend to say: "Jackson and Tyler were totally different in temper and tastes. . . . They differed sharply on most public questions."

The truth is, of course, that Jackson and Tyler shared the same great objectives. On the two great issues of the day, the Bank and the tariff, they were in agreement. These constituted the mainsprings of the Jackson-Tyler era.

At 22, Tyler had introduced resolutions in the legislature of Virginia opposing the Bank. At 26, as a member of Congress, he introduced a motion to issue a *scire facias* against the institution. In the Senate he announced his opposition to the Bank as unconstitutional, and voted to sustain Jackson's veto of the recharter bill. True, he opposed the removal of the deposits, but every student of the period knows that this was not out of any love of the Bank but only because he believed it was best to let the charter die of its own accord. In other words, he differed with Jackson on the method of destroying the Bank.

Even on nullification, which Mr. Nevins stresses, again it was a difference in method. John Tyler was absolutely and unqualifiedly opposed to nullification and declared South Carolina was wrong to assume such an attitude, but he was equally opposed to the Force Bill. But, in point of fact, Jackson went even further than Tyler in the matter of nullification, for Jackson actually sanctioned it in refusing to enforce the decision of the Supreme Court on Georgia in the Cherokee case. As Mr. Herbert Agar has so admirably shown, it all depended on whose ox was gored.

Even in personality, they (Jackson and Tyler) were not different in "temper and taste." Both were men of high courage, respecting each other personally. Both were generous, even lavish entertainers. Both liked their liquor.

Yet it was on the fundamental issues of the day, however much they may have differed in method, that they were in the greatest agreement. When John Tyler succeeded to the presidency, Jackson was beside himself with joy. "The Lord ruleth, let our nation rejoice!", wrote Old Hickory to Blair.

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER.

Memphis, Tennessee.

Mr. Nevins Replies

SIR:—I am not disposed to quarrel with Mr. Fraser on questions of interpretation. But these facts should be noted. Tyler said he supported Jackson in 1832 not because he liked his political ways or doctrines, for he sternly reprobated both, but because Jackson was the "least objectionable" of the candidates. After he gave this support, his dislike for Jackson's acts was so extreme that it threw him immediately into the Whig Party. There he stayed till elected Vice-President. His opposition to the removal of the deposits, which really had a broad basis, led him to support Clay's resolution censuring Jackson. When the Virginia legislature ordered him to vote for Benton's resolution for expunging this censure, he resigned rather than obey. On the tariff he believed protective duties unconstitutional, which Jackson certainly did not. As for nullification, he voted against the Force Bill and assailed Jackson's course with South Carolina. He was an extreme State Rights man, while Jackson is usually classified as a staunch Nationalist. Jackson's refusal to enforce the Cherokee decision sprang rather from his frontier contempt for the Indian than any belief that Georgia should be protected from the Supreme Court. I cordially grant that in detesting the "money-power" behind the Bank, Tyler and Jackson occupied common ground. That attitude, as I said in my review, furnishes the one strong cord binding Mr. Fraser's history together.

ALLAN NEVINS.

New York City.

Smollett Bibliography

SIR:—I am preparing a bibliography of the works of Tobias Smollett. To the end of making it as complete and accurate as possible, I should welcome any bibliographical information on Smollett's works, particularly old or rare editions. Any copies of Smollett's works or other material loaned to me will be given the utmost care and returned promptly.

LUELLA F. NORWOOD.

124 Prospect St.
New Haven, Conn.

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Doubtful Socialist

WHITMAN. By Newton Arvin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is by no means an imaginative or fictionalized portrait of a poet, like John Erskine's recent free fantasia on a dubious theme, nor is it a keenly critical study of intuition and influences, like George Whicher's even more recent analysis of the life, time, and poems of Emily Dickinson. Although Professor Arvin is a much younger pedagogue than Professors Erskine and Whicher, his work is far more professorial and pedestrian than theirs. The book seems to be an enthusiastic expansion of the opening paragraph:

> One evening in the summer of his seventieth year, Walt Whitman remarked to his young friend Horace Traubel that he had just been reading in an English magazine an article on himself as a socialist poet. "Of course," he went on to say, "I find I'm a good deal more of a socialist than I thought I was; maybe not technically, politically so, but intrinsically, in my meanings."

It is an attractive thesis, but it is a highly speculative, and even hazardous one. When Whitman uttered the sentence he was seventy, a time when reminiscence indulges itself, when memory coddles the fancy and colors the fact. Moreover, the words were recorded by Traubel, and Traubel, himself a socialist, was not a detached or altogether dependable reporter. Even if they were accurately reported, the words themselves prove nothing. Whitman boasted of his own contradictions; he expressed many irreconcilable attitudes; he was, he insisted, large; he contained multitudes.

In Whitman one can find almost as many pages to support one's own favorite persuasions and convictions as one can discover in Shakespeare. There are sufficiently numerous passages in "Leaves of Grass" and in "The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Whitman" to confirm those who believe that Whitman was an anti-socialist, a dissenting liberal, a fickle opportunist, a literary poseur, a self-inflated rhetorician, and a self-deceived revolutionary. Professor Arvin quotes as skillfully as he argues, and it is not his fault that he is plausible rather than compelling.

But, whether or not the reader agrees with the validity of the main theme, the book is a valuable one. It is valuable not for its recurrent thesis, but for its backgrounds and their impress on the sensitive, highly suggestible writer. Since the early rapturous estimates of Burroughs (prompted by Whitman himself) and Carpenter, as well as Holloway's later but uncritical biography, much new material has been unearthed and the old data have been reappraised. Professor Arvin correlates the findings and, even where we cannot agree with his synthesis, we must be grateful for his sympathetic struggle. It is the information that is dispensed which makes us recognize the contradictions between Whitman's excessive male assertiveness and his inverted but obvious homosexuality, his broad humanitarianism and his narrow sectionalism—the Southern Secessionists were "villains," "banditti," "dark and damnable"—his vaunted freedom from cliques and his uncritical adherence to party politics, his championship of loose, limber American words full of "venison richness" and his use of a language stuffed with incongruously foreign hybrid growths.

The conditions which changed Whitman from journeyman-journalist to the prophetic poet can only be understood by studying the changing temper of his times. Here Professor Arvin is at his best, for he knows that, without all the circumstances, the poet's work cannot have the same intimacy and implications for us that it had for Whitman's contemporaries. But that it still has its possibilities for reconsideration and controversy is established by the various aspects of Whitman portrayed in three books published in the last few months: John Erskine's novel; Esther Shephard's "mystery" revelation, "Walt Whitman's Pose," a literary bomb that failed to explode; and the present adventure into sociological criticism. Of these books Mr. Arvin's is the least exciting but the most important.

New York's Mermaid Tavern

TALES OF A WAYWARD INN. By Frank Case. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN

YOU don't expect to laugh your way through a book about a hotel; but that's what I did with Frank Case's "Tales of a Wayward Inn." I'd call it one of the most engaging books of the year; though how to review it is another matter.

James Montgomery Flagg
Frank Case

It's the story of the Algonquin Hotel—or at least that's what it starts out to be: the Algonquin, that Mermaid Tavern of our times, that public Villa Saïd set down in West Forty-fourth Street in New York City. But to a much greater extent it's a book about the host and owner, Frank Case, and about his friends, who are legion; a series of anecdotes, a sheaf of recollections, an encyclopedia of advice—from such things as how to approach a banker, to a recipe for layer cake. Most of all I'd call it the story of a man who loves his business and his fellow men, and who has an elegant time with both. And as a matter of fact, what emerges from the book, from the innumerable characters and adventures, is the portrait of Mr. Case, witty, suave, immaculate, and full of a sort of wide-eyed wonder. Wonder at finding the world so bright, women so fair, men so amusing, bankers so gentle, waiters so loyal. To this happy, old-fashioned world, Mr. Case brings his own appetite and joy, a generous mind, a young heart, and an irrepressible sense of humor.

Not that the book sets out to be the story of its author. Rather, it sets out to deal affectionately and humorously with the Algonquin itself, and with its distinguished clientèle. Many brilliant and important people are to be found in its pages, just as they are to be found any noon or night in the hotel itself; and Mr. Case makes no bones about the fact that he admires them to the point of dizziness. On the other hand, he's not taken in by them . . . at least not very often. He takes his stand without shame: he is still and forever the young man waiting at the stage entrance, clutching his bouquet. But in the end, for all the pranks of Mr. Fairbanks, or the wit of Mr. Kaufman, it is Mr. Case who has amused us most, and whose Horatio-Algerish adventures remain in our dazzled minds.

Frankly, I didn't expect to find him quite as good a writer as he turns out to be. He writes simply, easily, and in the prose of today; it reminds me of Damon Runyon. I shall let him speak for himself.

> Here I am writing and having a good time and maybe if I were undisturbed for a few days I might think of something to say, but first up comes one to tell me there is a big hole in the center of the carpet in the restaurant and what shall they do, for God's sake, before some one sticks his foot in it and sues us, and I tell them to cut a piece of the carpet out from under the benches along the side walls, sew it in the center where they need it and cut the hole out of the center and sew the hole in under the benches, and wouldn't you think that any one could think of that, it's so simple; well, they can't, they have to interrupt me.

Don't let me interrupt you, Mr. Case—but *who* is that handsome blonde over there in the corner . . . ?

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Vicky, Alice, et al.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DAUGHTERS. By E. F. Benson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

MR. BENSON has become a sort of impresario to the Victoria and Albert Dynasty. He presents them lovingly, but with the good showman's flair for effect, to the large public which finds them perennially engaging. His pleasant talent for domestic and social history is at its best when it is interpreting that superficially commonplace but genuinely remarkable family which sprang, like the phœnix, out of the ashes of the decadent Hanoverians. Warmly appreciative, humanly understanding, and yet not sentimentally idolatrous, he displays and explains their virtues and their faults. To him they are the epitome of the nineteenth century's respectable and unostentatious splendor. Their lives absorb him completely, and this absorption makes it unnecessary for him to rely on witty phrases, scandal-loving asides, or sharp ironic comment to keep his audience amused. He has already produced the dramas of Victoria and of her son Edward. Now his industry has brought him to the daughters.

Victoria, Alice, Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, they were all like ordinary, middle-class children, except that they were made to work harder at lessons. It was no light matter to have Albert and Victoria for taskmasters. Vicky, whom her mother thought plain, was precociously intelligent. Alice, who never had a really satisfactory nickname, was the beauty of the family, and possessed, besides, the sunny nature and benevolent disposition that Albert most admired in women. Lenchen and the two youngest were, not unnaturally, less conspicuously interesting to parental eyes. The novelty wears a little thin with repetition. They were all, however, most conscientiously bred to reign, to be what their father had been before them, the helpful consort of the proper ruling sovereign. Vicky and Alice were promptly married off to prospective rulers. Both marriages were personally ideally happy and politically fraught with misfortune. The other three were disposed of much less ambitiously and were consequently never subjected to the trials which overtook their sisters.

Whatever their final position in life, their mother never let go of them. This is the outstanding fact that Mr. Benson makes abundantly clear. Vicky might be Crown Princess, and for a brief period Empress, of Germany, but she was still first and foremost Victoria's daughter. And so, in their humbler lots, with each of the others. They might rebel, as Vicky occasionally did, but to no purpose. Their mother ruled them absolutely. Not only their conduct but their very thoughts came directly from her. She was, even more in her family than in her public relations, a formidable woman for all her simplicity. Not even Mr. Benson escapes her. He can write about Vicky, Alice, *et al.*, but it is Victoria who rules his pages.

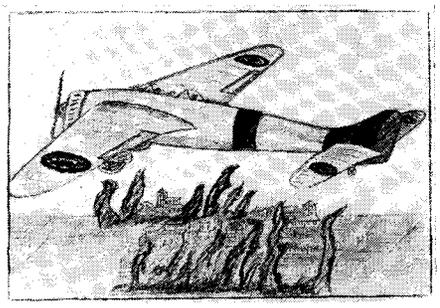
What Spanish Children See

THEY STILL DRAW PICTURES. With an Introduction by Aldous Huxley. New York: The Spanish Child Welfare Association of America. 1938. $1.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

HERE are reproductions of sixty drawings made by child refugees in the Colonies supported by the Spanish Government and by external humanitarian groups (this book, for instance, is published for the Quakers) in Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, Alicante, and in France. The children are *evacuados* from the fighting-zones: far from home, most of them, and for the first time; utterly helpless; orphaned or, even more cruelly, cut off from any word of fathers and mothers and older brothers and sisters left behind. They have lived in

Group at Balmoral, 1896. From right: Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Connaught, the Czarina of Russia, the Princess Royal, Queen Victoria, Princess Patricia, and the Czar of Russia.



"A single machine so dreadful in the child's eyes that [it] blots out almost all the sky." . . .

daily intimacy with death. The shell-burst, the machine-gun, the raiding plane—these are the constantly recurring *motifs* of their drawings, drawings whose innocence makes them more terrible and more damning than any of the Goya *Desastres* that are just now so much in the public eye. Mr. Aldous Huxley, in his excellent introduction, comments on the "horribly significant" presence of the airplane in the greater number of pictures; what is even more significant is the treatment of this detail. Death comes from the air. The small artist's sky swarms with mechanical horror: flights of carefully drawn planes dropping their huge slow bombs into scrambled, crowded streets, or a single machine so dreadful in the child's eyes that the careful proportion of his landscape is sacrificed to a monstrosity that blots out almost all the sky above a burning town. Dolores Sanz is thirteen years old; but she knows enough about falling bombs to be able to draw their fluke-like tails with a soldier's accuracy of observation. Francisco Torres is ten, but we have already taught him much: a rushing street-scene, a night raid, a bomb bursting (¡BÚM!) upon a museum, a child screaming at the entrance of a shelter *"Mama que no veo!*—Mamma, I can't see!"

Mr. Huxley has pointed out the instinctive feeling for design in many of these drawings. Some of them are unexpectedly skillful: the movement of oxen straining at a heavy cart; a very beautiful drawing of the tower of the *Micalet*, in Valencia; a wittily composed evacuation-scene of children sprawling in a railway carriage; a lovely composition of goats grazing under arching trees. But the finest craftsmanship of all is that of a picture by Manuel García, *"12 años."* The lower third of the drawing is a hospital scene; the upper part is a superbly managed affair—wheeling planes and the hurtling winged bombs, and beneath them a small shepherd boy running down a shelterless hill. Its impact is immediate and not easily to be forgotten.

"As the sale of this volume will save many lives, we need not be apologetic about the breach of etiquette in asking the public to recommend this book," the editor writes in his Note. The apology was not needed. It is to be hoped that the public's response will be enthusiastic.

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A Map with a Curly Line

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I

THIS is a mountain spring
Where I dip my hands;
This is a bottle of sweet
Where I sting my nostrils.
This is a sonnet
In fourteen medallions.
This is a map marked with a curly line
Where I retrace the goodness of the world.

II

I drain you, blue elixir of distance; I unskein you, tangled road. I measure you, oncoming car that swings wide on the bend, and watch that you straighten. For night-draught I shall have an amber medicine, a pellet in clear capsule, a potion of sleepy lake served in a cup of hills.

III

In Albany. Ten Eyck means At the Corner. We got around it, not without the help of a whiskey sour. We turned our backs on the State Tax Building and headed for Herman Melville. But even Melville was a Customs Collector; and Pittsfield mills the paper for banknotes and government bonds.

IV

A wide open ridge; a weave of knitted grasses, grained in the breeze. The exhaust pulsed hollow and even, steady as a heart heard in the bathtub, while we stood to look far. "There she is, the big baby," we cried, absurd with love. Then, remembering the dignity of Melville: "Greylock's most excellent majesty."

V

A stream in meridian light. We realized, there are many for whom such streams are rare. It flows past jetsam slabs of marble and falls into the green dungeon of a mill. We were getting near Vermont.

VI

Great skyshape known of old, Camel's Hump, now close above; so steep and shag to see, it discomforted the guts. "A fine lot of folks has stopped right here to see that view," said the farmer, who had lived under it so long he had grown humpy too. But always the moving cloud steamed over, sifting across the chine. The mountain would not show its couching lion summit. So many years I had known it only from westward, a blue unreachable. It would not let me see it from behind.

VII

Near Groton, Vermont, is a monument to the Sleeping Sentinel pardoned by Abraham Lincoln. In my mind too a sentry woke from stupor, stood to arms ashamed of sloth, and was reprieved (on behavior) by my own god—who understands Civil War and should be not less compassionate than Abe Lincoln.

VIII

The water pours from a hillside source, so cold it numbs the hands. In honor of its purity we married it to its destined consort, Scotch whiskey. We noticed later that this was Caledonia County. Perhaps not in all time had this Vermont virgin met the divine exponent who raises her to higher power.

The empty bottle we ballasted with pebbles, put in an impromptu salute to the Unknown, screwed fast the cap, and left it floating upright, exactly immersed in equipoise. "Fluctuat nec mergitur" we cried as it circled gently in the clockwise eddy. Afterward I fear we tainted the austere ceremony by moralizing. Even weighted by the pebbles of the day (we said), even merged in chill necessity, still we are moved in spiral by currents from beyond.

Who, I wonder, found our memorandum to the Unknown? The haymaker's thirsty horses? But if we knew . . .

IX

There's a restaurant at Wells River, probably Greek; very New England Levantine in trimmings. Across the road was a rocky outcrop bright with petunias. There, as we ate and babbled, sat the Old Man of the Lunch Counter, drinking his beer, benignly listening, taking everything in, and doing nothing about it. Nor was he to be lured into conversation. That too was godlike.

X

In a lakeside cabin ("Rest-Awhile") on rafters overhead was a fresh varnished canoe, and fishing tackle. "Mr. Someone's coming Wednesday," said the proprietor. "He always takes the place for a month."

I like to think of Mr. Someone. I hear the porch hammock creak as he turns over in innocent August snooze.

Before breakfast he goes the short path down to the log-and-plank landing where the punt is tied. Dewy grass tickles his ankles. He has his morning dip, and smells bacon and coffee. He hears the crepitating egg.

Perhaps he has caught another four-pound bass, as big as the one pencilled in outline on the porch. Perhaps he admires the worm patterns where the bark has weathered off the cabin's log sidings. Perhaps in his icebox he discerned with astonishment a faint lingering sweetness of our champion egg-nog. Perhaps he even knows how to work that astonishing mail-order lavatory. . . . In that same canoe he casts for salmon-moons across the limned and lacquered water. Whoever he is, I'm on his side.

XI

She set up housekeeping on a toaster and a yellow jug and a pair of golden slippers. It was enough. To crisp the plain workday bread, to save the top-of-the-bottle for coffee, and to dance sometimes on life's slippery floor—could Spinoza, could Santayana, could Pearsall Smith himself, do wiser than that?

The nymph Wild Ammonoosuc toasts her flat stones in noonday blaze, and pours milky foam in panther-colored potholes, and dances in sunlit slippers down the stairways of Moosilauke.

Quick, Oh Works Progress Administration, divert her. Must she marry the prudent and purposeful Connecticut?

XII

The day is dimming and a storm is coming
And still we did not find the final word.
Through short mornings and long afternoons,
Through hours of changing light and grassy smells
The word and I were playing seek and hide.
At my chores I laid a pad and pencil
Handy on a bench where I was working
(For fear that some Dictation might come through
And no one there to take it)
Then cunningly pretended to forget,
Hoping it might surprise me unaware.
I knew the word had equal need of me.
To paraphrase the Frenchman:
There is no joy like finding the right word—
Save the joy of the word in being found.

XIII

Orion rises, field marshal of the sky; Betelgeuse burns pinkly clear on the brim of his cocked hat; like the flare on a miner's visor to guide him through the pit.

Orion climbs upward, lord of the winter night, and we pass to new patterns.

XIV

And all the while one hope was in my mind:
Some formula to hold remembrance steady—
And yet the only envoy I can find
Is one that you and I both knew already.

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

The News and the Publishers

LORDS OF THE PRESS. By George Seldes. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT BRUCKER

PROBABLY no country anywhere, at any time, has had newspapers as competent and as fair as those we have today. Yet, the times being what they are, we distrust our newspapers to an extent that is disturbing. This distrust rests on two charges: that the press is trivial, sensational, and inaccurate; and that it is biased against the interests of the public by what the opposition calls the economic royalists in control. Into this second group now comes Mr. Seldes's "Lords of the Press," a companion piece to his "Freedom of the Press" of three years ago, and a book that should provide absorbing reading not only for every publisher, editor, and working newspaper man, but also for newspaper readers.

Mr. Seldes begins with a chapter called "The House of Lords," an unflattering analysis of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. There follow twenty-one chapters sketching publishers or owners of chains and press associations, again largely unfavorable. Then comes an examination of foreign and Washington correspondents and columnists, equally hostile to the publishers, and finally a brief third group of chapters seeking to provide constructive suggestions.

This book cannot be dismissed as merely a rabid attack on the press. It is a competent and sincere criticism by an ex-newspaper man who knows what he is talking about. It is fully documented and contains incident after incident and chapter after chapter that should make painful reading for all who believe that our press does not need to change sharply some of its manners and methods.

At the same time "Lords of the Press," though reasoned and comparatively temperate, is a partisan work. Mr. Seldes calls himself a reporter; "as a reporter it is merely my job to try to get at the facts," he writes. But one wonders what he would say if a newspaper reported some subject on the other side of the fence with similar zeal to prove a case. For unmistakably Mr. Seldes writes from a pro-labor, anti-publisher, and anti-big-business point of view. This is evident not only in his statements, but also in the assumptions and overtones throughout the book. Thus Mr. Seldes damns H. L. Mencken merely by saying that "in midsummer 1938 Mr. Mencken, retiring as editor [of the *Baltimore Evening Sun*], but continuing as columnist, went to Germany for his holiday"—the implication being, when this sentence is read in its context, that Mr. Mencken's predilections for fascism are demonstrated by his choice of a holiday destination.

In his desire to get the goods on the publishers—and make no mistake about it, he does it—Mr. Seldes tends to use the same paper as an example of wickedness or righteousness as suits his need at the moment. Thus there is an entire chapter intended to show that Mr. Sulzberger and the *New York Times* are neither liberal nor impartial, but later, when talking about something else, he holds up the *Times* as a model: it "continued its policy of presenting the news impartially."

Another indication that Mr. Seldes is prosecuting a case rather than judging it is his espousal of the American Newspaper Guild, a C.I.O. labor union. The

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book is dedicated to the Guild "and others interested in a free press." The Guild is described as having "led the American newspaper workers out of the red-light district of journalism and into the green pastures of human dignity." According to Mr. Seldes, furthermore, "the Guild has realized that Labor unions whose whole objective is better working conditions . . . are only a small step forward in American progress. Its own members are aware of the social issues." Now, there is little doubt that the publishers themselves are largely responsible for the existence of the Guild, in the sense that they permitted conditions to prevail which provided fertile ground for the Guild to grow in. Nevertheless, one not attached emotionally either to the Guild or to the publishers might feel that the Guild, this militant organization concerned not only with hours and pay but also with alterations in the social structure, is on one side of the mean just as surely as the publishers are on the other.

Be this as it may, Mr. Seldes says flatly that the Guild "includes all the men capable of running the industry," and that it has "complete proof that about five per cent of the press is honest, accurate, and fair, and that ninety-five per cent is not honest, accurate, or fair." Now it cannot be said too often that, to one who hears the kicks from both sides, Mr. Seldes appears justified in holding that much in American newspapering calls for change. Nevertheless these statements that the Guild includes all the men capable of running the industry and that ninety-five per cent of the press is not honest, accurate, or fair, are preposterous.

The central difficulty of all these matters is perhaps illustrated by Mr. Seldes's tales of the Consumers Union, an organization seeking to measure the value of goods by testing them rather than by taking the advertisers' word. Mr. Seldes says that publishers have consistently refused to accept Consumers Union advertisements, and makes a good case for supposing that their reason is fear of reprisals from the advertising group on which the papers depend for a living.

Doubtless there is much in this to cause the publishers embarrassment. Yet has it been established that the Consumers Union does its testing not only without partisanship, but also with adequate resources and competence? If this has not been established, should the publishers really accept Consumers Union advertising—at the risk of the revenues which enable them to perform their function of telling us what is going on all over the world?

Newspapers are a fascinating subject, but not an easy one. So read Mr. Seldes's book, but read it with your fingers crossed as tightly as he would have you cross them when you read your newspaper.

Herbert Brucker is on the staff of the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University.

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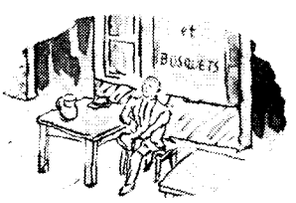

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Problems in Palestine

THE PUZZLE OF PALESTINE. By David H. Popper. New York: Foreign Policy Association. 1938. 95 cents.

THE RAPE OF PALESTINE. By William B. Ziff. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by MAURICE B. HEXTER

WE have here two books, the one by Mr. Popper of 110 pages; that of Mr. Ziff 612 pages. Mr. Popper's is one of the "Headline" books, which are so helpful to him who wants to, or has to, know things quickly; and in this sense, Mr. Popper's contribution meets the criterion of the Foreign Policy Association, namely, "to provide sufficient unbiased background information to enable readers to reach intelligent and independent conclusions on the important international problems of the day." The Foreign Policy Association (as well as Mr. Popper of its staff) would be the first to admit that the "Headline Series" suffers inevitably from the defects of its virtues; that compression leads to gaps and nice proportionality of topics is difficult to attain. I compliment Mr. Popper on the general excellence of his monograph, drafted in real objectivity.

Mr. Ziff's book is a bad book, and its demerit is directly proportionate to its bulk. His quotations from articles, themselves rumors of the second or third degree, give the appearance of scholarship and scientific objectivity; his result is not even pseudo-scientific. He alludes to non-existent appendices of reports, and the chatter of itinerant journalists. As a sample of the latter, Mr. Ziff, in order to prove his case that there exists a cabal in England to "rape Palestine," refers to an article by van Paasen, who wrote without the remotest knowledge of the facts. This is merely one sample of the type of thinking and selection of material by Ziff. In order to prove the existence of the cabal, Mr. Ziff retains Sir Ronald Storrs in Palestine years after he had left, and keeps him in Cyprus two years after he had been promoted to Southern Rhodesia. Mr. Ziff equates anti-Zionism with anti-Semitism. They are of course two entirely different things, and while in cases they may be found in the same person, they are, fortunately, different ideas entirely. That is not to say that one does not find, in the Palestine administration, a number of people who are anti-Semitic, but the number is small, and certainly far smaller than those who do not believe in the feasibility of the Zionist program. I was tempted to say that there are two good things in Mr. Ziff's book, the first is the index; the second is his chapter on Jewish distress. The former I wash out because the book is bad; the latter is the only thing for which Mr. Ziff's book should be read.

Since I think Mr. Ziff's book is grossly and sadly mistaken, I want to confine the balance of the space at my disposal to Mr. Popper's volume. The McMahon correspondence (with the Sherif of Mecca) must, and rightly, play a part in any volume on Palestine. Within the limits of a small volume, Mr. Popper has not done badly by the knotty McMahon correspondence. It is customary to say (as does Mr. Popper) that Britain "sought" the Mandate. Without in any sense being naive, I do not believe that Mr. Popper could substantiate the charge. The matter is not so simple. I know it is also customary in certain circles (American as well as European) to attempt to "twist the lion's tail." I have very little sympathy with such antics with regard to England in Palestine. That is not to say that England could not and should not have done more, but she might have done very much less; and in this connection it is important to have constantly before us that some other countries could not have done less so far as helping a terror-stricken and hounded Jewish people. Mr. Popper thinks that the non-publication of the entire McMahon correspondence by England would seem to imply that the Arab interpretation of the correspondence has substance. Now it is known that the Arabs possess the entire correspondence, as Auni Bey Abdul Hadi, the former private secretary to King Feisal, then the Amir Feisal, testified before the Palestine Royal Commission (see Question 5635). In addition, it is rather important to note that Feisal knew of the ambiguity and the reservations in the territory promised under the McMahon correspondence, because Colonel Lawrence, in his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," writes that he disclosed the Sykes-Picot arrangements to Feisal. I could quote from a conversation with Colonel Lawrence on July 19th, 1930, in which Lawrence clearly stated that Trans-Jordan was cut off from Palestine, in the way in which it was, in order to prevent Abdullah and his army from marching into the French mandated territory, which would have justified the French in marching into British territory in order to "take care of" Abdullah.

I further know that the reason the British Government has never published the McMahon correspondence is based upon considerations entirely foreign to the Jewish aspect of the situation, but rather

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TALES OF A WAYWARD INN

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derives from certain discussions during the war by the Foreign Office on the one end, represented by McMahon, and the India Office on the other.

In discussing "the root of the trouble," Mr. Popper relies, in effect, upon the findings of the Royal Commission that the British Government did not have "full power to weld the Jewish and Arab communities together." Now it is still true, as it was in the days of Rousseau, that "one cannot force people to be free" and it is likewise true that power is not necessary or even useful to weld the Jewish and Arab communities together. Bismarck had the power and failed. I believe, after nine years of residence in Palestine, that the British Government has lamentably failed in the task. Many were the instances in which opportunities were missed, if not entirely ignored. In saying this, I do not want to minimize the difficulties inherent in any welding process, but I believe that even the much harassed British officials in Palestine would admit the truth of my own assessment.

In my judgment, Mr. Popper, together with so many others, has painted the Palestine scene on too small a canvas. As a matter of fact, "the puzzle of Palestine" was set long before the war. It began, certainly, no later than the revolt of the tribes of the Arab peninsula against Turkish domination. These sentiments were played upon and intensified by Lawrence's allure on behalf of a revolt in the desert. The rise of hypernationalism in the Western world has been the result of social forces and ideological trends of the same sort which have motivated Arab nationalism. Their success in the West has stimulated the Arab movement. On top of this historical development has come the Italian attempt to make the Mediterranean their "mare nostrum." It is commonly supposed, I know, that England at all costs must retain its so-called Mediterranean "life line." I am not quite so convinced that in the long run this will prevail, and it may well be that, with the development of marine engineering and architecture, England can rely much more readily, and certainly with lesser military commitments, upon the gambit of di Gama than upon the labors of de Lesseps.

Maurice B. Hexter was for six years in charge of the colonization department of the Jewish Agency in Palestine.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 242)

SIR P. SIDNEY—DEFENCE OF POESIE

I do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas. . . . As the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest-flying wit have a Daedalus to guide him.

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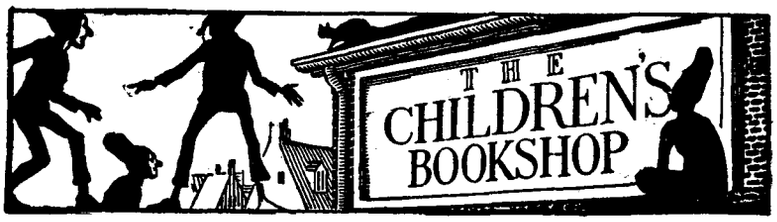

For Children's Book Week The Saturday Review *has assembled reviews of the more outstanding of the recent books for boys and girls. Some are in the form of group reviews of particularly noteworthy volumes; others are tabular surveys (pp. 21-22). Further reviews of children's books will appear between now and Christmas.*

From the Picture Book Package

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. Translated by Wanda Gag. New York: Coward-McCann. 1938. $1.

BABAR AND HIS CHILDREN. By Jean de Brunhoff. New York: Random House. 1938. $3.

WEE GILLIS. By Munro Leaf. Ill. by Robert Lawson. New York: Viking Press. 1938. $1.50.

MEI LI. By Thomas Handforth. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.

THE STREAMLINED PIG. By Margaret Wise Brown. Ill. by Kurt Wiese. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $1.50.

TIM AND LUCY GO TO SEA. By Edward Ardizzone. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $2.

QUITO EXPRESS. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: Viking Press. 1938. $1.

WHILE THE STORY-LOG BURNS. By Thornton W. Burgess. Ill. by Lemuel Palmer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by Louise Seaman Bechtel

THE best known is the best loved, with small children, and so one of the "best" books this year is the thin little volume holding Wanda Gag's own charming version of the tale of Snow White. After the pressing semi-reality of all the hurrying scenes in color on the screen, the over-elaborated story and crowded canvas of the Disney version, after the flood of cheap replicas of its big-nosed heroes in book and toy, here is a version to prize and to keep. The little black and white pictures suggest just enough magic and fear, but not too much. Their humor and detail are a stimulus to the imagination, their simplicity is true to the folk quality of the Brothers Grimm. Parents! Line up for Wanda Gag's dwarfs as against Walter Disney's.

Jean de Brunhoff is dead but happily Babar still lives. The latest chronicle of that beloved elephant family is gay as ever in dress, and particularly entertaining in story. Babar and Celeste, who have been awaiting a baby, suddenly find themselves the proud parents of three. The adventures of the triplets through infancy and early childhood afford opportunity for an amusing little tale which the pictures, with their clever drawing and clear and lovely color, adorn delightfully. A book to covet for the youngsters.

Prepare for a winter of bonnets and plaids, for here comes Wee Gillis with the biggest bagpipe in all Scotland. His is not quite so subtle a fable as Ferdinand's, but perhaps an even better story to read aloud. Of course you should have a bagpipe record to go with it. Mr. Lawson brings us the Highlands and the Lowlands just as vividly as he did the atmosphere of pre-war Spain. His Scotchmen's faces are superb. Welcome, Wee Gillis! May many a Christmas puppy be named for you. You have solved the unhappy border-land problem in a year when the grown-ups made a mess of it.

From war-ridden China, Mr. Handforth sends us a happy child, Mei Li. She goes to the New Year Fair with her brother, her little dog, and her thrush. Their adventures allow her artist to draw geese, hawks, donkeys, pigs, ducks, ponies, toys, lanterns, with the strong rhythm and beautiful definition that Chinese artists have taught him. This gay, brief story, with its really wonderful big black and white drawings, will give children a wealth of clear, simple impressions of traditional Chinese life. For me, this is the most completely original and artistic picture book of the year.

One of the few really American picture story books I have seen that has any charm is "The Streamlined Pig." Miss Brown, of the Writers' Laboratory of the Bank Street Schools, is an author and an editor to be watched with interest. She knows well what sort of ridiculous pretending small children like. Here is nonsensical use of a penthouse child, a Missouri farm, lots of farm animals, a flood, a flock of airplanes. Mr. Wiese's delicate colors, so well printed, give the whole book a sunny magic.

Another "fairy-tale without fairies" comes from England. Edward Ardizzone brings together his famous Lucy Brown and her Mr. Grimes, Little Tim and his brave sea captain, in a new sea-going picture book. In the comical pictures with their wealth of detail, color is truly integral to the vigorous style; all is in the best tradition of Rowlandson and Caldecott. A child who gazes at these subtly beautiful pages (superbly printed in England) will unknowingly discover what is wrong with a lot of his American picture books, and also with his Sunday comics.

What of Mr. Bemelmans and his lost Inca baby in Ecuador? To me it is the least appealing of all his amusing books, and the attempt to show a small child Ecuador one not worth making in this way. The way he sprinkles things around on pages—a nightgown, a baby's bottle, the sun—is always engaging. But the usual child does not like the full page pictures, in my experience. For the open-minded parent it is a book to experiment with. There should be inspiration for the young artist in the ease and strength of these sophisticated sketches.

Of the mass of utterly traditional art in

(*Continued on page* 20)

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WE present our books of 1938—a book trail full of new discoveries and new adventures for boys and girls,—a galaxy of distinguished offerings from favorite authors and artists. May they all bring young readers new experiences in the world of fact, fancy, and fun!

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BARKIS

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By the author of the unforgettable *Mittens*. "The drawings of Barkis eating, sleeping, alert, wistful, or puzzled, will go straight to the hearts of dog lovers of all ages . . . delightful and exquisitely reproduced."—*New York Times*. Ages 4 to 10. $1.50

MY FRIEND MR. LEAKEY

By J. B. S. Haldane. "From now on and until further notice all modern fairy-tales should be written by Professor Haldane. He has precisely the right touch with magic . . . Mary Poppins used it thus, and not since then has any one used it so well."—*May Lamberton Becker*. Illustrated. Ages 6 to 12. $1.75

THE BIG GOOSE AND THE LITTLE WHITE DUCK

By Meindert DeJong. A delightful story about a goose who was so useful around the farm that old Grandpa decided he was much too good to eat. Illustrated in color. Ages 6 to 10. $2.00

THE STREAMLINED PIG

By Margaret Wise Brown. About a lucky little boy, his farm, and the extraordinary streamlining of his pet pig. Hilariously illustrated in color by Kurt Wiese. Ages 4 to 10. $1.50

STRANGERS IN THE DESERT

By Alice Dyar Russell. A well written and genuinely exciting mystery, with a California setting. Illustrated. Ages 12 and up. $2.00

RED HUGH OF IRELAND

By Jeannette Covert Nolan. Distinguished historical fiction, by the author of *The Young Douglas*. Illustrated. Ages 12 and up. $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

New Books Every Young Reader Will Love

Black, White and Caroline

By SUSAN ERTZ

A famous novelist has written one of the notable children's books of the year in this charming fairy tale. It is the story of a little girl who is visited by two very strange ladies, and of what happens when they weave a magic spell. Illustrated by Constance Dahl. $1.50

The Vanderlyn Silhouette

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN. "A crackerjack mystery story."—*Boston Herald*. The scene is a famous old New York mansion a hundred years ago where three young people, with John Vanderlyn, a famous artist, solve mysterious events which occur. Illustrated by Manning DeVoe Lee. $2.00

Clue of the Faded Dress

By MARISTAN CHAPMAN

An exciting story of the Tennessee Mountains and of the Glen Hazard girls who turn detectives to solve a mystery and uncover a culprit. Illustrated by James Daugherty. $2.00

The Girl Who Ruled a Kingdom

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

The picturesque and romantic story of Little Jadwiga, the Hungarian princess of the Middle Ages who became Queen of Poland. Illustrated by Aniela Pruszynska. $2.00

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 18)

most of the new books, there stands out the illustrating of Thornton Burgess's new book. This beautiful owl, this fish-hawk plunging toward the ripples, this line of skunks in the snow, these bear cubs among the blueberries were painted by someone who has studied animals carefully, and who has a fine sense of book making. These are picture book pictures, however, and seem cramped in a long story book. Mr. Lemuel Palmer is a well known animal artist, and I hope some day he will have a picture book of his own.

Stories for Younger Children

THE GOLDEN COCKEREL. By Elaine and Willy Pogany. New York: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1938. $2.

SONGS FROM MANY LANDS. Compiled by Thomas Whitney Surette. Illustrated by Gertrude Herrick Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. $2.50.

ONCE ON CHRISTMAS. By Dorothy Thompson. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $.50.

YOUNG SETTLER. By Phil Stong. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1938. $2.

CAPTAIN BINNACLE. By Howard Pease. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1938. $2.

THE THREE POLICEMEN. By William Pène Du Bois. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.

THE PIGTAIL OF AH LEE BEN LOO. By John Bennett. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1938. $2.

I HAVE A SONG TO SING YOU. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1938. $1.75.

DANCING TOM. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $1.

COPPER-TOED BOOTS. By Marguerite de Angeli. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1938. $2.

THIMBLE SUMMER. By Elizabeth Enright. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.

BLACK BRUCE. By Margaret S. Johnson and Helen L. Johnson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1938. $1.75.

THE BOOK OF BIBLE ANIMALS. By W. W. Robinson. Illustrated by Irene B. Robinson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $1.75.

STORIES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Maud and Miska Petersham. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. 1938. $2.75.

BLACK AND WHITE AND CAROLINE. By Susan Ertz. Illustrated by Constance Dahl. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

THINK what it would be like to have your entire library chosen by another race—a race of giants, large, bland, and often supremely uninterested. You hint that you are interested in zoology, and you receive for Christmas a "Life of Goya" (because the pictures are so beautiful), and a card which says, "Merry Christmas from Aunt Minnie." That is the disadvantage under which most children labor. Few of them ever are allowed to pick out a book for themselves. What different nursery libraries we should have if they did!

Children who like fairy tales will be charmed with "The Golden Cockerel," by Elaine and Willy Pogany. This is a version of the Russian fairy tale from which the production of the Coq d'Or came. The pictures are splendid, full of color and action and with a robust quality rare in fairy tales.

A general favorite which will appeal particularly to the musical child is "Songs from Many Lands," compiled by Thomas

(*Continued on page* 23)

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Virginibus Puerisque

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and author	*Age*	*For Boys or Girls*	*Kind of Book*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
LITTLE ORPHAN WILLIE-MOUSE *L. M. Chase and E. M. Chadwick* (Little, Brown: $1.)	4-8	Both	Nature story, photographs	Unbelievably good photographs of the little mouse. His search for a home takes him over pond and meadow, and into a house. Story simple and realistic.	Good for country and city children.
A'PIPING AGAIN *Edited by Rose Fyleman* (Stokes: $1.25)	4-8	Both	Verse	Another small anthology for small children, mostly friendly verse, not "great" poems. Charming, but not better than the many already available. Nice pictures.	You can't have too many books of verse.
EPAMINONDAS AND HIS AUNTIE *Sara Cone Bryant* (Houghton Mifflin: $.75)	4-8	Both	Famous nonsense story	Inez Hogan has made a picture book of this long loved tale of the little colored boy who did everything wrong. Pictures are not bad, but the whole is disappointing.	Anything to spread fame of Epaminondas, even this.
MY FRIEND MR. LEAKEY *J. B. S. Haldane* (Harpers: $1.75)	5-10	Both	Fiction	An eminent scientist's absurd and frolicsome spoofing wherein he leaves science at home and goes for a romp with the children.	For nimble nonsense eaters.
THE STORY OF EBIRD *Charles Cleek* (Morrow: $1.25)	6-8	Both	Dog story	A boy of thirteen has handlettered and drawn, in strong, dramatic, simple black, the story of a very homely dog. Probably children will laugh at him.	This boy's work should interest other children.
THE PIG THAT DANCED A JIG *Katharine Morse* (Dutton: $1.)	6-8	Girls	Picture story	Wee Moira of Ballymaria taught her pig to dance. But Patrick ran away, and after sad adventures came home. Delightful color pictures by Winifred Bromhall.	Charming Irish tale for small girls.
AMELIARANNE GIVES A CHRISTMAS PARTY *C. Heward and S. P. Pearse* (McKay: $1.)	6-9	Both	Fiction	All the little Stiggineses again; how they gave their party away and were sent an even better party by Mr. Snips. A moderately nice, but not inspired Christmas story.	Would rather read the green umbrella one over again.
ALPHABET OF BIRDS, BUGS, AND BEASTS *Henry B. Kane* (Houghton Mifflin: $1.50)	6-10	Both	Natural history	Remarkably beautiful photographs, and paragraphs of interesting information. They did not need the excuse of the rhymed alphabet. Its handlettering spoils the photographs.	This probably will not keep small boys from liking it.
BOBBIE AND JOCK AND THE MAILMAN *C. J. Finger* (Holt: $2.)	6-10	Girls	Fiction	Unusual adventure of a little girl "just like you," on a visit to her uncle's farm. Amusing pictures in black and white by Helen Finger.	Charmingly told everyday American tale.
THE GOLDEN SPEARS *Edmund Leamy* (Longmans, Green: $1.50)	6-10	Both	Fairy tales	An American edition of Edmund Leamy's delightful and memorable fairy tales. The rhythmic prose makes it an excellent read-aloud choice.	A must for every prince and princess.
MR. WHITTLE INVENTS THE AIRYOPLANE *J. Andrew White* (Lothrop: $2.)	6-10	Boys	Nonsense fiction	A long humorous conversation between a handyman and a small boy, telling how he turned his red racer into an airplane. Clever pictures, by K. Alexander.	Fathers will enjoy sharing it with sons.
THE BIG GOOSE, AND THE LITTLE WHITE DUCK *Meindert Dejong* (Harpers: $2.)	7-9	Both	Fiction and Fact	About an intelligent goose and his faithful friend, a duck, with life on a farm as a background. The goose escapes grandfather's roasting pan by his sagacity. Nice pictures by Edna Potter.	Good picture of life on a farm.
SATURDAY MAGIC *Eleanor Daggett Karsten* (Scribners: $1.50)	8-10	Both	Fantasy	Karen and Thomas go every Saturday to a magic island where they have a series of remarkable surprises.	Good everyday magic.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SAID THE RINGMASTER *Joan Kahn* (Knopf: $1.50)	8-10	Both	Three short stories	A collection of three short stories set (1) at the circus, (2) at the ballet, and (3) at the seashore. Good, clear print makes this suitable for the child to read itself.	Slight but pleasant.
THE TOOSEYS *Mabel G. LaRue* (Nelson: $1.50)	8-10	Both	Nonsense fiction	The appalling Toosey family, who are always in trouble, the seven children and their very distracted Ma. Very funny pictures by Kurt Wiese.	Almost a modern "Peterkin Papers."
TOM TWIST *William Allen Butler* (Holiday House: $1.)	8-10	Both	Nonsense verse	Anne Heyneman has revived this fantastic little tale in verse, which well deserves a place beside Lear. Her pictures are naive and their humor fits the verses well.	Worth having.
SARAH'S IDEA *Doris Gates* (Viking: $1.50)	8-10	Girls	Fiction	Sarah longs for a burro more than anything in the world. When her family moves to a prune ranch in Santa Clara valley, California, she concentrates on her heart's desire and gets it. Pictures by Marjorie Torrey.	Pleasant little story.
SKYWAYS *Charles Gilbert Hall* (Macmillan: $1.50)	8-10	Both	Fact and Pictures	A fascinating and simple history of flights and flying from Icarus's wings to the modern air transport. Old prints, photographs supplement story superbly.	A must for the air-minded.
MORE ABOUT THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO USED HER HEAD *Hope Newell* (Nelson: $1.)	8-10	Both	Nonsense	The same little old woman again, still using her head so that she does the strangest things, always with a good reason, but always wrong. Children love to see through her mistakes. Pictures poor.	Very jolly read-aloud book.

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A Story of Boston in the Seventies and the Great Fire

By FRANK PRATT

Against the tragic background of a great fire are told the changing events in the lives of an elderly man and a little boy.

From your bookstore, $1.25

The Christopher Publishing House, Boston

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The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and author	*Age & Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
THE FLOP-EARED HOUND *Credle and Townsend* (Oxford: $2.)	6-10 Both	Lottle Bootjack had to give away his dog every time he was bad, but at last the hound proved he should be kept. Unusual photographs.	Charming boy and dog story
LASIUS, THE LUCKY ANT. *Nina A. Frey* (Dutton: $1.50)	7-9 Both	The life story of Lasius and all the details of what goes on in an ant-hole. Illustrated by Alma A. Froderstrom.	Interesting
YINKA-TU THE YAK *Alice Alison Lide* (Viking: $2.)	7-10 Both	Animal story. The hero Sifan has a pet yak. There is a good deal about life in Tibet. Good pictures by Kurt Weise.	Accurate but remote
EAST OF THE SUN & WEST OF THE MOON *Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire* (Viking: $3.50)	8-11 Both	A collection of twenty-one Norwegian folk tales selected from the Dasent translation. The stories are full of trolls, water-sprites, and other magic creatures.	True Scandinavian flavor
THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO *S. and H. Woodard* (Stackpole: $2.)	8-11 Both	Photographs from the motion picture Chico with story of the life of a little Mexican boy, Chico, and his animal neighbors, opossums, armadillos, etc.	Animals steal story
SOLITA *Grace Moon* (Doubleday,Doran: $2.)	8-12 Both	A new Grace Moon story with Carl Moon illustrations. This time about a little girl's adventures in old Mexico.	Very readable
KEE-KEE AND COMPANY *Margaret Brewster Hollister* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	8-12 Both	The normal activities of an American brother and sister very much at home in present-day China take on an especial and piquant charm in Mrs. Hollister's skillful story telling.	Parents will also enjoy it
MR. POPPER'S PENGUINS *Richard and Florence Atwater* (Little, Brown: $1.50)	8-12 Both	Nonsense fiction. Mr. Popper, housepainter, receives a penguin from Admiral Drake. Later, with twelve penguins, sails off to the North Pole. Grand pictures by Robert Lawson.	Amusing fantasy for any age
THE FOUR AND LENA *Marie Barringer* (Doubleday,Doran: $2.)	8-12 Both	German children and their goose on a holiday at a big farm in the Black Forest. Fine pictures by the Petershams in full color.	Outstanding
THE PORPOISE OF PIRATE BAY *F. Martin Howard* (Random: $2.)	9-12 Both	The story of Plumpy, a young porpoise who lives in a bay off the coast of Florida. Action takes place under water. Sophisticated pictures by Lynd Ward.	Fine if you like porpoises
HUCKLEBERRY ISLAND *Agnes Cope Foote* (Little, Brown: $2.)	9-13 Both	The mystery of a stolen bell and a haunted wreck, the joys of sailing, picnicking, and sea sports on an island off the coast of Maine.	Agreeable
WAPITI PETE, THE STORY OF AN ELK *Hal Borland* (Farrar&Rinehart: $1.75)	10-14 Boys	Wapiti Pete is an American elk. He lives an adventurous life in the wild Wyoming mountain country. A good substitute for a "Western." Illus. by John Austin Taylor.	Vigorous
THE SCARLET OAK *Cornelia Meigs* (Macmillan: $2.)	10-14 Both	Good adventure and a fresh historical picture in an attractive book about two brothers in New Jersey of 1817.	First rate
RED SKY OVER ROME *Anne D. Kyle* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	11-15 Girls	Rome and the Italian Revolution of 1849 form the background for a story about an American sculptor's daughter.	Better than average
RIFLES FOR WASHINGTON *Elsie Singmaster* (HoughtonMifflin: $2.25)	12-16 Both	Historical fiction. What it meant and how it felt to be a private in the ranks during the seven years of our War for Independence. Illus. by F. E. Schoonover.	Excellent
PENNY MARSH, PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE *Dorothy Deming* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	14-18 Girls	Career fiction. A novel, with plenty of human drama tales per page, about a girl who takes up public health nursing.	For career seekers

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 20)

Whitney Surette, illustrated by Gertrude Herrick Howe. There are seventy-five songs listed—an excellent selection of the best nursery and folk songs. The musical accompaniments are simple, and are graded according to difficulty.

The ever popular "stocking" books—little books that can be slipped into the Christmas stocking—include a pretty story of Cinderella with pictures by Hilda Scott, and "Once on Christmas," written by Dorothy Thompson with pictures by Lois Lenski. This is a wistful, nostalgic account of Christmas when Miss Thompson was young, love, and all the fields were green. It was written for her son.

Boys from eight to ten who want a good, lively story will like "Young Settler" or "Captain Binnacle." "Young Settler" is by Phil Stong, with illustrations by Kurt Wiese. The background is Ohio in 1837, and the hero, Hi Ellison, has adventures both with horse-racing and Indians. The pictures are humorous and lively. The Stong-Wiese combination is always an excellent one. Boys who like boats will be interested in "Captain Binnacle" by Howard Pease, illustrated by Charles Pont. Renny, aged eleven, and his two sisters make friends with old Captain Binnacle and his dachshund Waddle, and have adventures on his boat, "Pride of the River." Mr. Pease already has an admiring following of boys, but "Fog-horns" and some of his other successes were for older boys. "Captain Binnacle" brings his work to a younger group, eight to ten.

"The Three Policemen," written and illustrated by William Pène Du Bois, is one of the best of the humorous books. It concerns policemen on a fabulous island. Children who like fantasy will like it very much indeed.

For reading aloud, there is a reprint of a collection of John Bennett's short pieces, both verse and prose, "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo." Many of these appeared in the old *St. Nicholas*. The book is illustrated by spirited silhouettes by the author, who also wrote "Master Skylark." Another work by an old favorite is "I Have a Song to Sing to You," a collection of some eighty verses for children by Laura E. Richards, with Reginald Birch's usual enchanting illustrations. The dedication to this work is decidedly impressive. It says "To my great grandchildren, a lovely and growing flock."

Good use of an American background is found in "Dancing Tom," by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Grace Paull,

(Continued on next page)

In the November—December

HORN BOOK

20 Years of Children's Books, *Bertha Mahony*
A Childhood in Egypt, *Blanche Weber*
A Play for Christmas Eve, *Annis Duff*
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STOKES

The Children's Bookshop

(Continued from preceding page)

and "Copper-Toed Boots," by Marguerite de Angeli. "Dancing Tom" is for six to eight year olds. It tells of a pioneer family, the Fosters, moving west by river boat. They have an accomplished pig who can dance. It is a simple but pleasant story. Miss de Angeli's "Copper-Toed Boots," for readers eight to ten, is about life in a town in Michigan in the seventies. Both book and pictures give an authentic view of American life, particularly the colorful endpapers.

One of the best written of this season's juveniles is "Thimble Summer," by Elizabeth Enright (Farrar & Rinehart). This will interest both girls and boys, since it is about Garnet Linden and her brother Jay, and can find readers up to twelve and over. The setting is a middle-western farm, and the descriptions of wind and weather are vivid and authentic. There is a truly American quality about it that delighted me.

For pet lovers, there is "Black Bruce," by Margaret and Helen Johnson. This is about a collie, and is by the authors of "A Spaniel of Old Plymouth." Parents who wish adaptations of Bible stories should look at "The Book of Bible Animals," by W. W. Robinson, with drawings by Irene Robinson, and "Stories from the Old Testament," by Maud and Miska Petersham. The latter has many colorful illustrations that will carry the young reader along.

An excellent mixture of magic with everyday life is "Black and White and Caroline," by Susan Ertz. Ten or twelve year olds will be much amused by Caroline Benson's supernatural visitors who fly in on an airplane. The combination of lively humor and magic reminded me of "Mary Poppins," but this has a distinct flavor of its own. The pictures by Constance Dahl are amusing, too.

Books for School Age

WINDOWS ON THE WORLD. By Kenneth Gould. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1938. $3.

SEVENTEEN CHIMNEYS. By Theodore Acland Harper. New York: Viking Press. 1938. $2.

"HELLO, THE BOAT!" By Phyllis Crawford. New York: Henry Holt. 1938. $2.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN COMPASS. By Eric P. Kelly. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.

WORLD-MAKERS AND WORLD-SHAKERS SERIES. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1938. $1.25 *each.*

THE HAPPY AUTOCRAT. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $2.

LEADER BY DESTINY. By Jeanette Eaton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $3.

PENN. By Elizabeth Janet Gray. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

WIZARD OF THE WIRES. By Helen Nicolay. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1938. $2.50.

DEEP-FLOWING BROOK. By Madeleine B. Goss. New York: Henry Holt. 1938. $2.50.

THE YOUNG BRONTES. By Mary Louise Jarden. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHERINE ULRICH

ANYONE looking over the 1938 grist of books for older boys and girls would be impressed by the research, thought, and in several instances, the skillfully harnessed creative imagination which have gone into their writing. Parents will find good reading here for their children of school age. Now, to pick out some of the more outstanding volumes. "Windows on the World" by Kenneth Gould is a realistic and clear description of the world we live in, how it got to be the way it is today, what makes it run, why it doesn't run better, and how well it can be made to run. Mr. Gould is managing editor of *Scholastic* and has been in close touch with young people

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THEN THERE WERE THREE *Goeffrey Homes* (Morrow: $2.)	Strangled blonde buried in Cal. canine cemetery. Father's remains stuffed up chimney. R. Bishop sifts suspects.	Tersely told tale of three thrilling killings, plus sly humor, action to burn, and explosively satisfactory finish.	Triple-A
DEATH IN A WHITE TIE *Ngaio Marsh* (Lee Furman: $2.)	Killer strikes English Lord on hot trail of society blackmailers. Insp. Alleyne and faithful Bre'r Fox move swiftly to solution.	Extremely well-handled, smoothly and deceptively constructed story—stressing deduction and characterization.	Extra good
MURDER AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR *Freeman Dana* (Random House: $2.)	Antics of disgruntled tycoon, who couldn't boss Fair, and sundry murders keep old lady and reporter busy.	Pre-views of next-year's Big Show interesting but criminal goings-on and detecting border on fantastic.	Extravaganza
FOLLOW THE SAINT *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Three long-shorts about the Saint, Hoppy Uniatz, thieves, murders, and miscellaneous malefactors.	Debonair resourcefulness of Simon Templar and Hoppy's faithful "Betsey" suspend laws of probability, etc.	Supercharged
DEATH AT A MASQUERADE *M. E. Corne* (Mill: $2.)	Blackmailing lady slain at Hallowe'en party. Two other killings before Elsie Benson places button where it belongs.	Some good character bits of apartment house denizens. Otherwise pretty thin with routine sleuthing.	Not so good

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for some twenty years. He pays a nice tribute to them and to their fine potentialities for comprehension and vision.

Possibly their vision will be such that a catastrophe like the failure of a big bank will no longer be possible even in far away New Zealand where Robert Cornish lived. But that calamity happened to the bank his father owned. Theodore Acland Harper in a thoughtful, well written novel, "Seventeen Chimneys," tells the story of how the boy left with little more than his determination to become an engineer, and after a series of adventures achieved his dream in our own Southwest mining country.

Back in the financial collapse of 1817, however, there were more picturesque ways to meet the disaster, or so it seems. "Hello, the Boat!" by Phyllis Crawford is a lively, colorful account of the Doak family who turned a flatboat into a floating peddler's pack, and set out from Pennsylvania down the Ohio toward the hope of better times out West. This story received the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation Award, and has delightful illustrations by Edward Laning.

"At the Sign of the Golden Compass," by Eric Kelly, is also "The Tale of the Printing House of Christopher Plantin in Antwerp, 1517." Those were troubled, strident days when honest men sometimes had to flee for their lives and frequently to fight for the furtherance of knowledge. The exciting narrative focuses on an English boy, a printer's apprentice who found refuge in the famous house of Plantin.

Persons whose knowledge and ideas have influenced the thinking of the world are the subjects of four slender biographies, "Socrates," by Naomi Mitchison and R. H. S. Crossman, "Joan of Arc," by V. Sackville-West, "Darwin," by L. B. Pekin, and "Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour," by Marjorie Strachey. These books introduce a new series to be known as the World-Makers and World-Shakers Series. The biography shelf for young people grows with a leap this year. Other notable additions are "The Happy Autocrat," a life of Oliver Wendell Holmes by Hildegarde Hawthorne, "Leader by Destiny, George Washington, Man and Patriot," by Jeanette Eaton, "Penn," by Elizabeth Janet Gray, "Wizard of the Wires, Samuel F. B. Morse," by Helen Nicolay, and "Deep-Flowing Brook, the Story of Johann Sebastian Bach," by Madeleine B. Goss. They are all well written, well planned and certainly readable. But I question whether an extended biography showing the many facets of even a great person's life can hold a boy's or girl's interest throughout. On the other hand the story of a central idea can have dramatic unity, as shown in the Master-Makers and World-Shakers series and also in the life of Morse, "Wizard of the Wires." "The Young Brontës," by Mary Louise Jarden, presents a thoroughly delightful picture of four active, imaginative children growing up in the England of 1825. My guess is that this acquaintance with such a family would be sufficient to send a young reader post haste to a volume of "Jane Eyre." There is a new edition of Charlotte Brontë's classic, with illustrations by Helen Sewall, just published by the Oxford Press.

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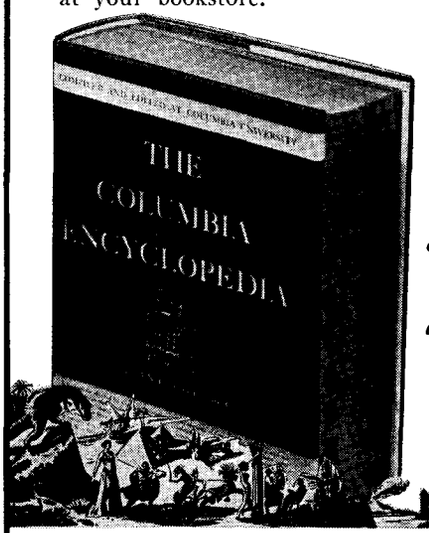

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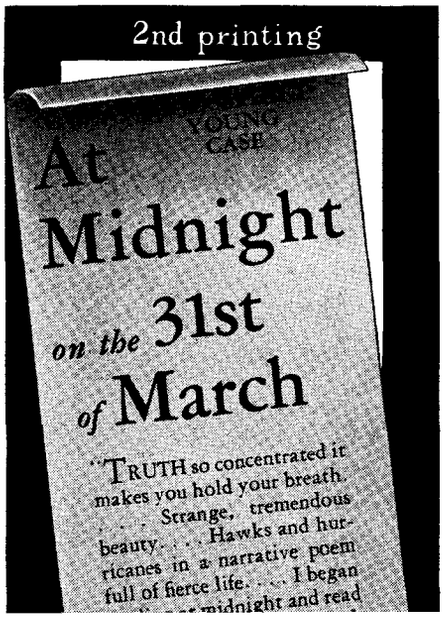
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Double-Crostics: No. 243

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-I	2-U	3-F		4-H	5-L	6-V	7-N	8-A	9-W		10-F	11-O	12-K		13-R	14-D
15-H	16-U	17-O	18-Y		19-Y	20-I	21-D	22-X	23-N	24-G		25-Q	26-A	27-N		28-J
29-Y	30-B	31-R		32-W	33-C	34-O		35-U	36-F	37-R	38-J		39-F	40-A	41-Q	
42-V	43-E	44-N	45-L	46-C		47-S	48-R	49-L	50-E	51-H	52-X	53-V		54-J	55-Q	56-T
57-I	58-M	59-S	60-G	61-N		62-K	63-T	64-C	65-E		66-S	67-K		68-P	69-W	70-Y
71-Q		72-O	73-B	74-C		75-G	76-N	77-R	78-P		79-B	80-O		81-V	82-X	83-A
84-L		85-I	86-S	87-Q	88-J	89-P		90-G	91-T	92-C	93-W		94-X	95-M	96-C	97-D
	98-A	99-C	100-B		101-G	102-H	103-S	104-R	105-T	106-P		107-U	108-Y	109-N	110-L	111-H
112-Q	113-D	114-G		115-Y	116-G	117-E	118-F	119-K		120-G	121-A	122-M	123-L		124-T	125-X
	126-H	127-E		128-C	129-K	130-E		131-M	132-J	133-L	134-P	135-N	136-E	137-R	138-X	
139-U	140-K	141-L	142-Q	143-P	144-O		145-I	146-K	147-F	148-A		149-W	150-K	151-T	152-B	
153-V	154-C	155-A		156-Y	157-S	158-H	159-N	160-W	161-J	162-X	163-T	164-M	165-P	166-E	167-B	
168-P	169-D	170-O	171-I	172-X	173-J	174-R		175-A	176-O		177-P	178-U	179-K	180-V		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Heroine of "Sorrows of Werther."

B. Babylonian deity of civilization.

C. Purified by sacrifice.

D. Tall and spare.

E. Conveying outward (nerves).

F. Stream celebrated by Scott and Wordsworth.

G. Soup combinations of fish, potato, etc.

H. Discernment.

I. Discarded theory of language origin.

J. To charm, enchant.

K. Anything merely temporary.

L. Presented in another form.

M. Coniferous tree with fascicled deciduous leaves.

N. An outward stab.

O. Icelandic saga (Nibelungenlied).

P. Animal of the order Proboscidea.

Q. Senselessness.

R. Trained, fostered.

S. For a short time.

T. Cursive, continuous.

U. Mischievous.

V. Shrine for sacred relics (India).

W. Exquisitely tasteful.

X. Radical political element (2 wds.).

Y. Treaty agreement.

WORDS

98 40 121 83 8 26 155 175 148

79 30 73 100 152 167

92 154 64 128 46 99 33 96 74

169 14 21 113 97

130 43 136 117 50 166 127 65

3 36 147 118 10 39

101 120 90 116 75 24 60 114

111 51 4 126 158 102 15

57 20 1 85 171 145

28 173 54 161 38 88 132

67 140 129 119 62 146 12 150 179

141 45 5 49 84 110 133 123

58 164 122 131 95

76 7 109 27 159 135 23 61 44

17 176 170 34 11 80 144 72

78 165 134 68 89 168 143 106 177

142 112 55 25 87 71 41

13 137 31 77 104 37 48 174

103 66 86 157 47 59

56 63 91 105 124 151 163

16 107 35 178 139 2

53 42 180 6 153 81

9 69 32 149 160 93

138 52 125 94 172 82 162 22

108 156 19 18 70 115 29

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Centaur Book Shop (204 South Juniper St., Philadelphia) topped all bookstores in Philly in its order for *The Notebooks of Leonardo* (20 copies). But the Centaur has always done the unusual, ever since it was started in 1921 by Harold Mason. It did pioneer work in publishing contemporary bibliographies, and has been a leader in pushing (with shrewd foresight of values) modern firsts. It was probably the first bookshop to set aside an upstairs room exclusively for after-hours wassail, and has always specialized in music and informal gatherings of enthusiasts. And one of the things it is proud of is that the famous Rosenbachs, after a day with Shakespeare folios and Sheraton sideboards in their gallery near-by, come to the Centaur after dark to buy detective stories. ☞Starr Cornelius, who has recently joined the Centaur staff, says they expect to gang up for G. W. Howgate's book on Santayana, to be published soon by the University of Pennsylvania. ☞Paltry Old Q. is just getting around to *New York Panorama*, "A Comprehensive View of the Metropolis," prepared by the Federal Writers' Project (Random House, $2.50). It's an interesting book, ingeniously—even brilliantly—written, heavily sponsored by a committee of distinguished journalists. Like most Federal Projects it's pretty full of the momentary "ideology" and does some vigorous trap-drumming for the particular brand of social idealism favored by its compilers. ☞As usual, two writers who have said as much wit and wisdom about Manhattan as any of our time are nowhere mentioned: Don Marquis and Simeon Strunsky. Marquis gave some vigorous spoofing to the precipitous brows, and they never forgave it. The writers most favored by Federal Projects are those "who struck a dark accusatory music from the city's agonism." ☞It's a pity maybe that these ideology-imbued Federalists, who have a genuine passion for our queer town, hoke it up with such fantastic lingo. They call their love of New York a "wise geolatry." ☞Walt Whitman, rightly, is one of their heroes: and to our astonishment they hand him over to Philly.

FOR'N GOOTY FRAW CHOOSA

To each of the ten persons submitting the best free English translation of the following, *postmarked not later than November 30, 1938*, the

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From *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, Vol. I, No. 1, Lancaster, Pa., 1873.

"Leaves of Grass," they say, "first issued by a Philadelphia publisher in 1855." ☞We had supposed that nothing in American literature was better known than the Brooklyn imprint on *Leaves of Grass*. ☞Interesting things have happened lately which should be put on record. The award of the Nobel Prize for literature to Pearl Buck (Mrs. Richard J. Walsh) reminded us of Mrs. Buck's perplexity when she was informed, in China, that *The Good Earth* had been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club. "What *is* this Club," she wrote, "I see some very respectable people belong."

☞Mr. W. S. Hall (Snyder and Hall) is back from his annual trip (representing U. S. publishers) to China, Japan, and the Philippines. In discussing war-time conditions in Nippon, Mr. Hall remarked that Scotch whiskey was less easy to find over there. Which reminded another traveler that he had seen in Japan a bottle of whiskey with the label "Product of Scotch—Made in Scotch." ☞Mr. Eddie Ziegler (Doubleday, Doran), now planning his itinerary for the big Christmas Drive in the Middle West, says he thinks Albert Maltz's story *The Happiest Man on Earth*—which won first prize in the 1938 O. Henry Award—the most powerful short reading he has ever encountered. We agree, a very fine piece. Also, in the 1938 *Prize Stories* volume (edited by Harry Hansen) we were vastly taken with *Sixteen*, a story by Maureen Daly who was herself sixteen when it was written. ☞We were pleased to note the election of Stephen Vincent Benét to the American Academy: a very lively remount for the saddle vacated by the late R. U. Johnson. ☞Jo Davidson, the sculptor, tells us that his statue of Walt Whitman will be shown at the World's Fair before being placed at Bear Mountain. We begged him to have his Will Rogers statue shown in the Penn Station, as had been suggested by a P. R. R. official. Railroad stations offer the greatest sculpture in the world (locomotives themselves) in the act of going places; and people visit railroads in the plastic mood, eager to mould Time and Space to their desire.

☞When Old Q. read in the papers that the money now in circulation gave an average of $51.39 for each American, he cashed a check for exactly that amount. Thus he became a symbolic fiscal unit, and like the Average American just about wiped out his balance.

☞A good job in telling someone else's story is *I Find the Missing* (F. & R.) in which John N. Beffel narrates the career of Daniel Eisenberg who founded Skip Tracers—the organization which specializes in finding missing persons. ☞Mr. Eisenberg has run down 162,000 people in the past 15 years who had vanished without explaining. ☞People must be easier to find than o. p. books. ☞The Eugene Manlove Rhodes Association has been formed to plant a permanent memorial at his grave on the top of Rhodes Pass, on the New Mexico Highway from Hot Springs to Tularosa. It is at present marked by a plain wooden board fenced in barb-wire by old cowboy friends. Contributions may be sent to the treasurer, Alice Corbin Henderson, Box 444, Santa Fe, N. M.

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